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Brian Crozier on
EW-STYLE TERROR
—See page 24

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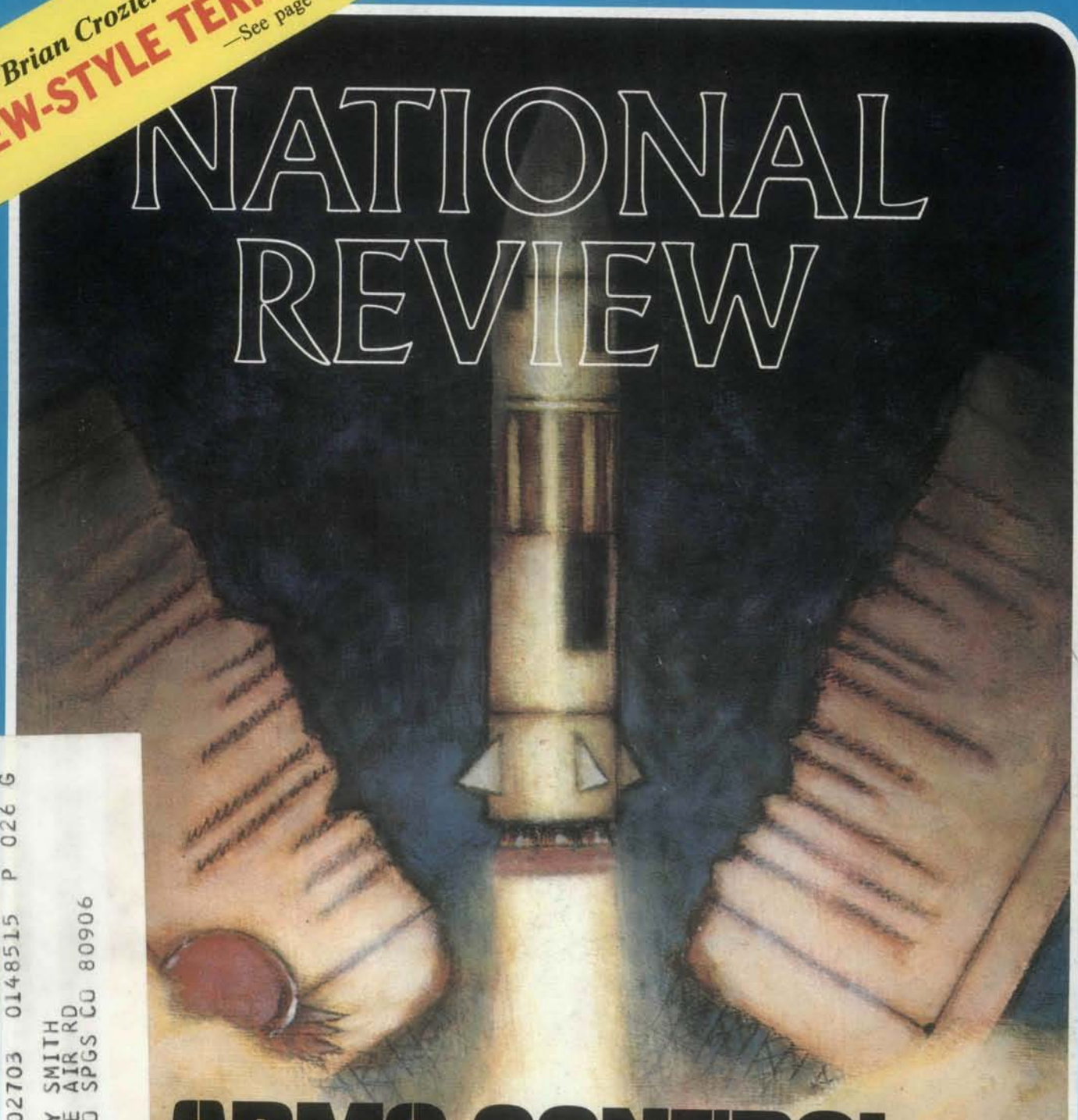

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Three Centuries of Failure

William R. Hawkins

Edward Teller Looks to the Future

Anthony P. X. Bothwell

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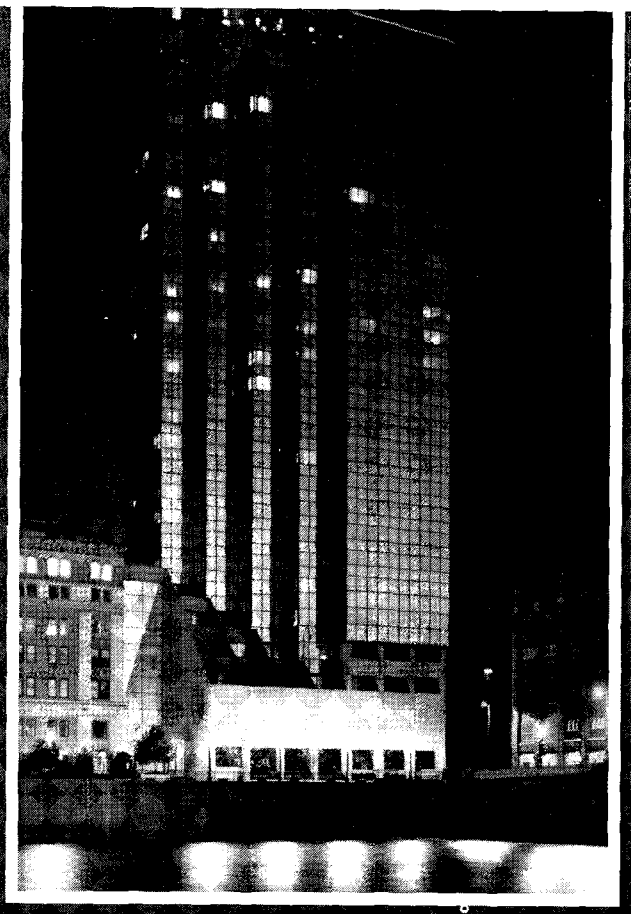

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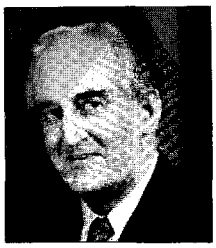
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LETTERS

Amendability

John T. Noonan Jr. ["Calling for a Constitutional Convention," July 26], in his enthusiasm for a balanced budget, emphasizes the amendability of the Constitution. In doing so, he expresses disapproval of the Supreme Court's unconstitutional usurpation of the amending process—but at the same time he tacitly accepts the Court's *faits accomplis*. While the balanced-budget amendment is a sorely needed bit of fiscal guidance, passing it may be a lower priority than challenging the Supreme Court's concept of the Constitution as a "living" document, rather than an ageless one.

As it is, there are any number of pressing questions that are political questions purely because the Supreme Court has made them so (abortion; school prayer; affirmative action). In order to allay conservative fears of a runaway convention, Mr. Noonan emphasizes how difficult it is to call a constitutional convention. But that very safeguard means that relying on the convention process to undo what the Court has done could take longer than this country can afford. By all means, let's work for a balanced-budget amendment. But at the same time, we should work even harder to "restructure," as Noonan puts it, "the conception of the Court's duties."

David Tableman
Atlantic City, N.J.

The Soul of Democracy

In my opinion, WFB's appreciation ["On Fearing the Religious Right," July 12] of Pastor Neuhaus's recent article in *Commentary* magazine, "What the Fundamentalists Want," was a bit overdone. True, the Pastor deserves much credit for the masterly way he exploded leftist fears about the political intentions of the new religious Right; but he completely missed the mark when he tried to assure us that all is well between God and America.

Although the pollsters do tell us that most Americans believe in God, and pray to Him daily, and identify themselves as Christians or Jews, I cannot take this as a sign, as the Pastor seems to do, of renewed religious vitality. On the contrary, most Americans may believe in God, and pray to Him daily, but they behave as if He doesn't exist for them in any moral or meaningful way. Formal religion may be flourishing in our country, but the spirit of religion—the loving emulation of God's moral qualities—is practically dead. Indeed, the crime statistics, the homicide rate, the herpes epidemic, and the widespread abuse of children, alcohol, and drugs, all point to the sad reality that the gulf between God and the American people has never been greater.

It is a fact of political history—unfortunately forgotten by the Pastor (as witness his book review, "The Soul of American Politics," in the same issue)—that no democracy has survived the moral chaos we're suffering from. When the bond between virtue and freedom is severed, the conquest of Caesar is certain.

The love of moral goodness is the best defense of freedom. A republic strong in virtue will escape despotic rule. The time has come for the "republican idea" religiously understood. Unless we raise the art of politics to the level of a moral enterprise, and our church leaders rediscover the moral grandeur of God, then republican morality will continue to decline, and we'll see the death of this Republic in our lifetime.

Bruce F. Sterling
Staten Island, N.Y.

For the Record

Allow me to clear up some misstatements involving me that appeared in the July 12 *NR*.

First, in his response to my report on the International Youth Year Conference in Jamaica, Roy Godson denies that the conference was financially supported by the USIA and that (as I had claimed) "hardly a single garden-variety Democrat or Young Democrat could be found" among the liberal part of the delegation, which was dominated by "leftist fringe groups." On the first count, Mr. Godson is splitting hairs. A significant share of the conference's financing came from another State Department agency, USAID, but a great deal of the staff time and manpower for planning the conference came from USIA. On the second count, the facts speak for themselves. Of the 25 liberal members of the delegation, 22 came from three groups (or subsidiaries thereof): the Social Democratic Party of America, Frontlash (the youth organization of the AFL-CIO), and the NAACP. The leaders of the liberal faction did not invite the elected national officers of either the Young Democrats or the College

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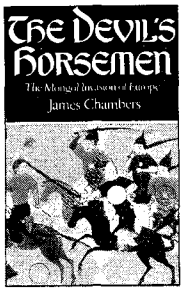

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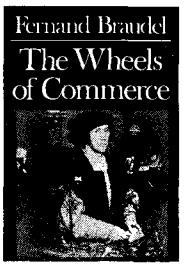

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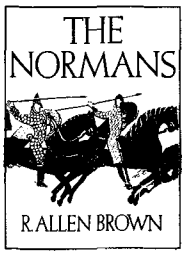

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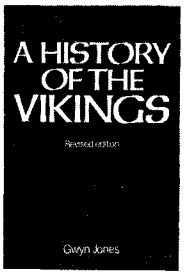

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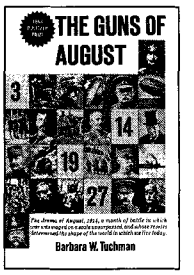

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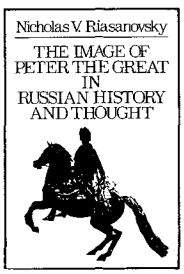

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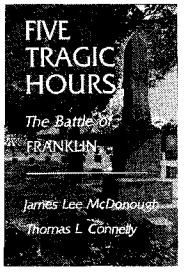

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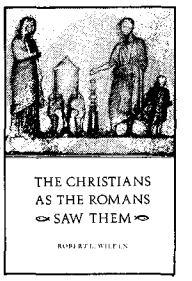

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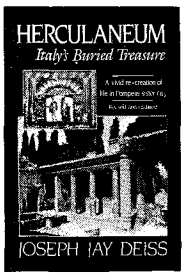

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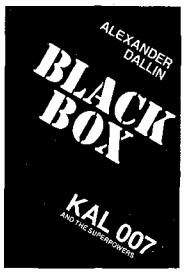

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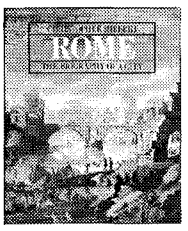

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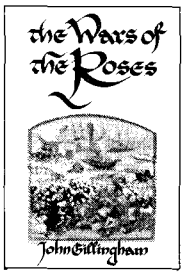

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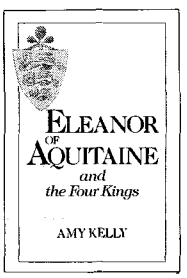

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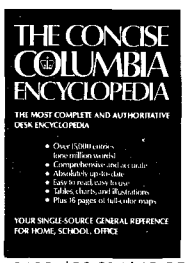
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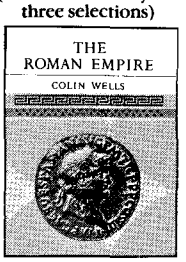

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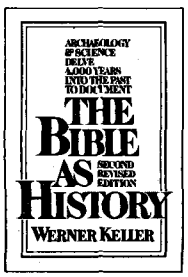
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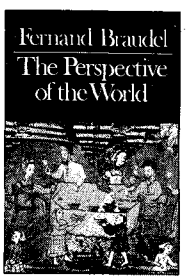

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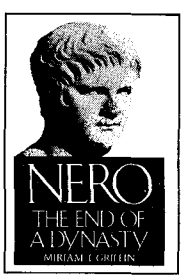

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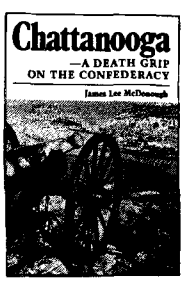

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Democrats to the conference. The one official representative of the Democratic Party present in Jamaica—Bill Belk, national chairman of the Young Democrats—was invited by the chairman of the College Republican delegation! As for the larger question of the conference's bearing, I would agree that it probably was not as anti-American as most other international gatherings of, say, the past 25 years; but I hardly regard that as cause for rejoicing over what was, despite its free-world credentials, still an assembly more interested in denouncing the United States than in resisting the Soviet Union.

Second, in his kind remarks about me ["Notes & Asides"], WFB observed that I was "PhD'd by Harvard a few months ago," which is, I'm afraid, a bit premature. I am actually applying for the degree in November. Of course, Bill Buckley is usually ahead of his time; and in keeping with his stated preference to be ruled sooner by the first fifty names in the Boston phone book than by the Harvard faculty, I shall always consider it a singular honor to have been PhD'd first by NATIONAL REVIEW—and only then by Harvard.

Charles R. Kesler
Claremont McKenna College
Claremont, Calif.

Real Reform

In her article, "A Conservative Case for Land Reform" [July 12], Rhoda Rabkin writes: "Land reform comes in many guises." This is certainly true, but nowhere does she mention the system of site-value taxation (*à la* Henry George), which is used extensively in Taiwan, not only on agricultural land but on urban sites as well, where land values tend to be much higher. And Taiwan is listed as one of land reform's successes.

Mrs. Rabkin further makes the all-too-common mistake of equating property in land with other kinds of property. A taxation of land values would not reduce the supply of land; it would reduce its price to equate with its value for production; it would enable new entrants to obtain land; it would reduce the taxes on earnings and capital. Where does she think compensation to the landowners comes from?

Further, if stimulating "the use of labor instead of capital in the choice of farm techniques" is a good thing, then why do we not eliminate our own unemployment by outlawing the use of tractors and combines? And if the state can appropriate the land of the large landowner, can it not also take that of the smaller landowner?

The site-value tax is the only system of taxation consistent with free enterprise, and that is the real conservative case for land reform. Let us not be reduced to saying simply that slavery generally works better under more benevolent slaveowners.

Neal S. Frederiksen
St. Louis, Mo.

Taking Issue

In your July 12 issue ["For the Record"], you criticize me for opposing an amendment by Congressman Dan Burton of Indiana that would have made American sanctions against South Africa contingent on the results of a poll of nonwhite South Africans.

You might want to widen the scope of your scorn to encompass the other members of the House who voted against this amendment, which was defeated by 384 to 30. Alternatively, you might want to acknowledge that while there are obviously significant differences between the Soviet Union and South Africa, in neither country are oppressed people in a position to freely express their opinion. Just as one could not have credited a poll of Soviet citizens on the question of an American grain embargo against the Soviet Union following the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, or a poll of Poles, concerning the U.S. response to the imposition of martial law in Poland, neither could we rely upon a poll of nonwhite South Africans on the question of American sanctions against apartheid.

Rep. Stephen J. Solarz (D., N.Y.)
Washington, D.C.

The Molehill Plan

Was the audaciously atrocious article by Messrs. Martel & Caruso ["MX Alternative: The White Mountain Plan," June 28] a facetious attempt at levity? The authors make something of a mountain out of a molehill with their missile-basing scheme. It would be an instantly obsolete white elephant even prior to its deployment, and the authors must have been seeing pink elephants when they were drafting their purportedly "ingenious proposal." Their contumacious attitude with respect to Soviet SLBM, bomber, and cruise-missile accuracies and near-term hard-target counterforce ability (they assert the lack thereof) is, to say the least, overly sanguine, if not outright foolhardy (especially for people who are supposed to look at worst cases realistically).

Paul Ross
GRASSA: Grass Roots for a Strong, Secure America
Minnetonka, Minn.

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Strange advice from the authors:

BURN THIS BOOK

But that's only the beginning, if the peaceniks have their way and Russia ever does take over. The alternative might be to spend the rest of your days up near the Arctic Circle.

Say, what's going on here? Has the Conservative Book Club suddenly started offering kooky books?

Not on your life — and we use those words advisedly. This one is by Robert Conquest, who probably knows as much about the Soviets as any Westerner alive today. Conquest, now a senior research fellow at the Hoover Institution, wrote the classic study of Stalin's reign of murder, *The Great Terror*. Co-author Jon Manchip White is the Lindsay Young Professor of English at the University of Tennessee. So you'll be reading a serious book about a grim possibility. This isn't a *1984*-style fantasy. *This book is based entirely upon what hundreds of millions have suffered when the Communists took over — but with ingenious variations added especially for America.*

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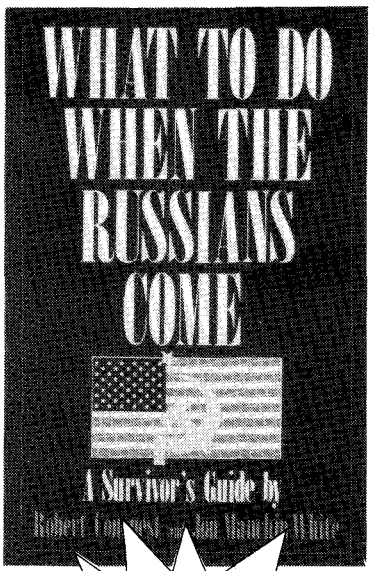
- The inevitable Resistance Movement: long and short term prospects. How you might become a part of it. What methods will work best.



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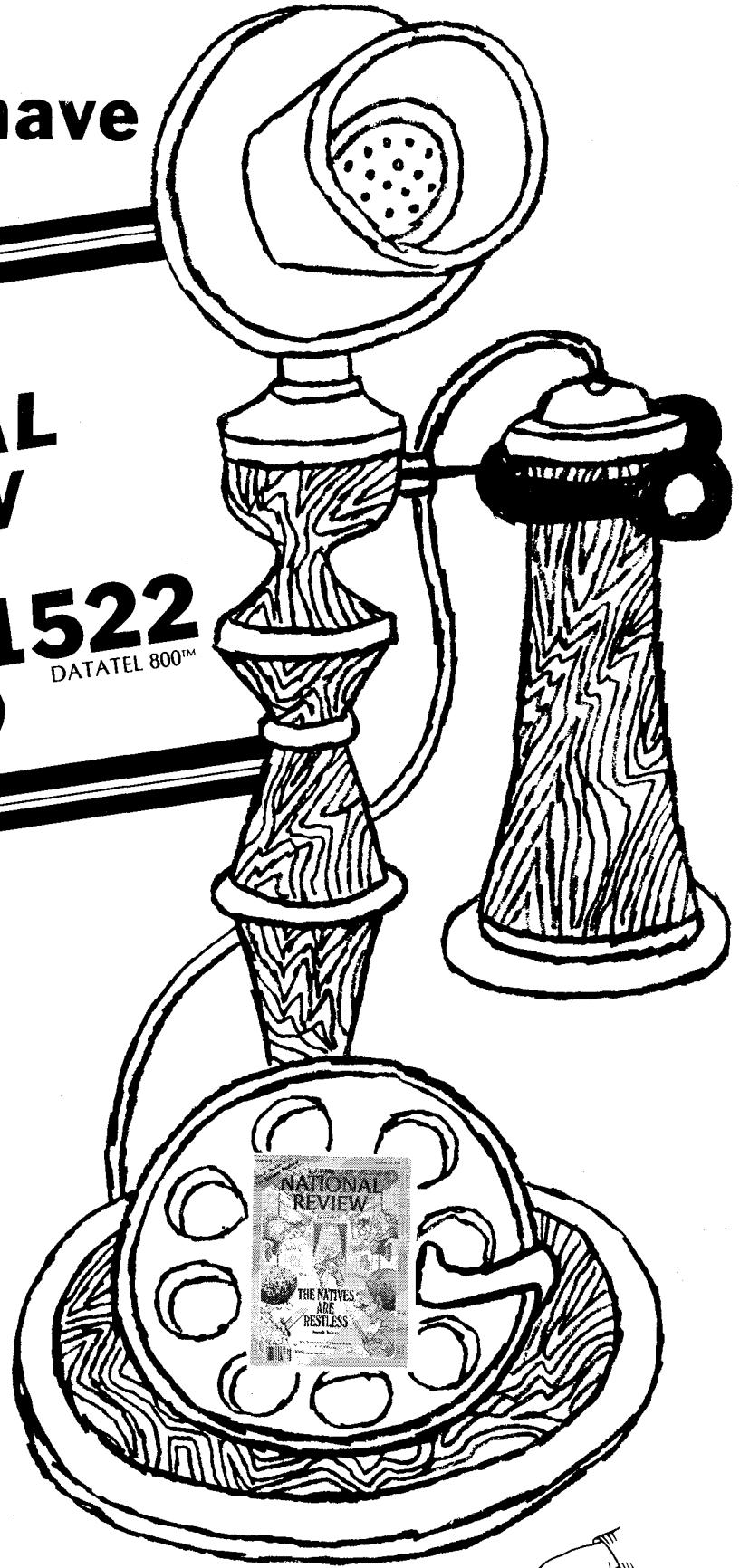

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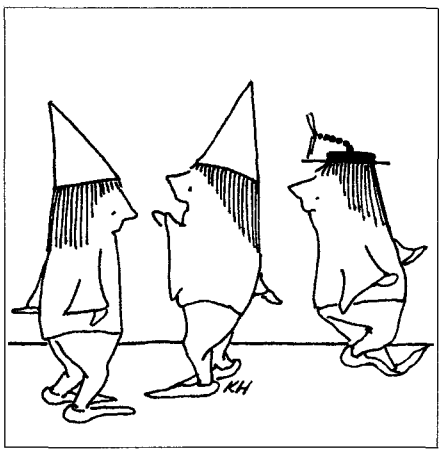
FOR THE RECORD

We've come a long way, baby. What's the most damaging charge you can make about a liberal Democrat in the House these days? That he's "soft on Communism." In a startling turnabout, the House has in the last thirty days passed just about every defense and containment measure the Administration has favored (see "Letter from Washington"), because the country's tired of being an international patsy. It was reflected in talk by House Armed Services chairman Rep. **Les Aspin** to **Paul Kirk**'s new Democratic Policy Commission. You needn't endorse everything I favor (including MX, nerve gas), Aspin told the commission, but —in **David Broder**'s account—"please, please be for something more modern than the slingshot in the U.S. arsenal of weapons." "We ought to distance [ourselves] from the Left," Aspin said at an earlier meeting, "by voting for some weapons." . . . Rep. **Henry J. Hyde** (R., Ill.) believes "Congress is beginning to reflect the mood of the country. More and more people are getting sick of being pushed around." . . . The howls from the hard Left were immediate, and anguished. Rep. **Patricia Schroeder** (D., Colo.): "There's just a panic, almost, about being a 'wimp.' Never have I seen such flaming rhetoric." Rep. **Pat Williams** (D., Mont.): "This hot broth that we're serving here [the recent House votes] hopefully will be cooled by the Senate." Rep. **Ronald Dellums** (D., Calif.): "The way you lash out [at hijackers, Sandinistas] and feel strong is to vote for this madness."

Everett Carll Ladd of **Roper** polls thinks **Ronald Reagan** played it exactly right in hijack crisis. Reagan's ability to shift from his 1980-81 image of being quick on the trigger to today's emerging profile of having more bark than bite *without* losing public support proves that this "Administration is not politically vulnerable to that kind of criticism." . . . NBC News poll, taken at height of crisis, showed people against dealing with terrorists but also against reprisals: 57 per cent didn't think U.S. should ask Israel to let the Shiites go; 54 per cent felt U.S. should not give in to demands even if it meant the hostages would be killed; but 62 per cent opposed a U.S. military strike against countries supporting the terrorists. . . . Other polls (**Gallup**, **Harris**, *N.Y. Times*/CBS, *Washington Post*/ABC) all showed Reagan's approval ratings up from five to ten points over that period. . . . And new upswing is expected as result of sympathy over cancer operation. Crusty columnist **Mary McGrory** admitted that "Reagan has a lock on the affections of the American people" and observed, shrewdly, that "he is rather too jaunty and nonchalant" to be a "father figure. . . . He is more a jolly, reassuring uncle who comes to call amid much laughter and many stories. Never mind his views—wrong but strong, they are generally considered, and they add to the fondness." . . . In a column that was mainly a warm tribute to **Nancy Reagan**, **George F. Will** commented that "Reagan is an astonishing political force because he, like his country, has a talent for happiness." . . . He's such an astonishing force that liberal cartoonist **Pat Oliphant** admits he voted for him last year. "It's pure selfishness," says Oliphant, "he's a good subject. . . . I couldn't see voting for **Mondale**. He bored me, more than anything."



"Why do merit raises scare a profession impervious to hemlock?"

Some old-timers may try it again: In Chicago, former Mayor **Jane Byrne** announces she'll run against Mayor **Harold Washington** in 1987; and there's some talk, but no one much believes it, that former Illinois Sen. **Adlai Stevenson III** may make a gubernatorial race against Republican Gov. **James Thompson**. . . . In California there are whispers that **Gerald Ford** might vie for **Alan Cranston**'s Senate seat. **Charlton Heston** seems to have decided against entering that sure-to-be-crowded Republican primary. On Democratic side there's talk that San Francisco Mayor **Dianne Feinstein** might be drafted if Cranston is perceived as very weak. . . . Republican Sen. **Mack Mattingly** (Ga.) will look less good if U. of Georgia football coach **Vince Dooley** makes a pass at his job. . . . In Maryland, conservative Republicans, doubly enraged by Sen. **Charles Mathias**'s role in torpedoing confirmation of both **Don Devine** and **William Bradford Reynolds**, are shopping for strong candidate to run against him in next year's primary. . . . Both Majority Leader **Robert Dole** (Kan.) and Majority Whip **Alan Simpson** (Wyo.) first favored a "discharge petition" that would permit the entire Senate to vote on the Reynolds matter but then dropped it as impracticable. . . . What concerns White House strategists most, reports *Washington Post*, is that Justice Committee Republicans be brought to heel should there be a Supreme Court vacancy in near future. One White House official told *Post*: "We expect to get our people confirmed, not to expose them to shooting-gallery politics that embarrass the President."

Yale President **Bart Giamatti**, we hear, tentatively agreed last year to accept post as Baseball Commissioner. Yale trustees, alarmed, dispatched **Cyrus Vance** to plead with Giamatti that to go from president of Yale to Baseball Anything was, well, to dilute the prestige of the first office. Bart relented. Commented a Yale insider: "The only person in the world Cyrus Vance has ever succeeded in intimidating."

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THE WEEK

☐ A new study finds that beautiful women don't do as well as plain ones in the higher echelons of business. The next round of affirmative-action suits is going to be something else.

☐ The Institutional Revolutionary Party's margin of victory in the recent election shows yet again why our friendly neighbor to the south can claim to have the world's most progressive political system. Mexico is the first democracy to establish the principle of one man, two votes.

☐ There can be few phrases more chilling to the public than "The President has cancer," and few Presidents about whom the words would be as chilling as about this one. As we go to press, the malignancy seems to have been completely removed, and Mr. Reagan's prospects for full recovery appear excellent. The catch in our throat reminds us that apart from being an invaluable man, he is an extraordinarily lovable one, and we wish him the very best of health, and nominate him for keynote speaker at the 1992 Republican convention.

☐ The National Labor Relations Act—organized labor's Magna Carta, the chief of the AFL called it at the time—was fifty years old this July, and for organized labor it was an unhappy birthday. The relevant figures are exceedingly gloomy. Less than 20 per cent of the non-farm workforce is unionized (down from the Forties high of 35 per cent). Collective bargaining yields smaller and smaller wage increases. And yes, there was the matter of the 1984 election, in which labor's anointed candidate carried fewer states than General James B. Weaver. The reasons are not far to seek. Unions as currently constituted are perhaps the primary force of stand-pattism in American life (hence their distrust of Gary Hart, whom they suspected, wrongly, of having new ideas). They want above all to keep their members in place, at their present jobs. Unions are therefore particularly vulnerable to economic change, and to the removal of the political props that sustain them artificially. The Reagan years have been bad for them on both fronts: deregulation and innovation have proceeded apace, while Reagan's appointees to the National Labor Relations Board have brought in such astonishing verdicts as that management may, under certain circumstances, shift work from union to non-union plants. Americans have more choice, and unions can't handle it. Traditional unionism is increasingly an effort to make snowballs out of water.

☐ To comply with the unratified SALT II treaty, the U.S. will soon dismantle a Poseidon-missile sub. The House, in a rare burst of intelligence, thinks that is stupid and asks Mr. Reagan to convert the sub to some other use or give it to Great Britain. We have a modest suggestion along those lines: Why not give it to the Nicaraguan *Contras*?

☐ A controversy now rages over whether Arkady Shevchenko's *Breaking with Moscow* (Knopf) is fiction or history. The question turns on a forest of details. What time did they lock the service entrance of Shevchenko's apartment house? Did the UN library have two picture windows? Did Shevchenko have a driver's license? Did the CIA really write the book, or did Ashbel Green of Knopf? What did Henry Kissinger know? The main players, so far, are Edward Jay Epstein, who has written a splashy exposé of the "plot" in *The New Republic*, and Edwin McDowell of the *New York Times*, who has apparently exposed Epstein. *NR* has the true inside story. Viz.: As is well known, Edward Jay Epstein is a pseudonym for Broadway star Tommy Tune, who is controlled by the Trilateral Commission and the American Federation of Professional Wrestlers. Tune had the article discrediting Shevchenko planted in *The New Republic*,

Stockman Moves On

He could have been a Whiz Kid,
  Cleaned up on *What's My Line?*
Or rendered *Hiawatha*
  While winding balls of twine.
His memory's a wonder,
  But interviews relate
How Reagan's economics
  Made him regurgitate.

W. H. von Dreele

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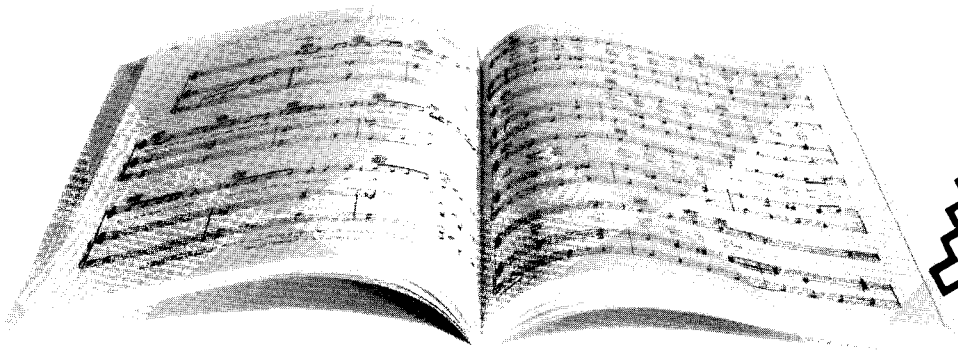

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Barnyard Gourmands

Though tax cuts got us going,
  The plan was to proceed
With spending cuts in tandem
  To moderate our feed;
But congressmen grow tender
  Toward piggies at the trough
And hate prescribing horse pills
  Or asking bulls to cough.

W. H. VON DREELE

which is really written by the third grade of Green Acres Elementary School in West Chester, Pennsylvania, and funded by the Vatican. The purpose of the story is to discredit New York Mets first baseman Keith Hernandez, who was asked to testify before a grand jury in Pittsburgh investigating Major League drug use. Hernandez is known to have read *Breaking with Moscow* and termed it "reliable." Unfortunately, Hernandez loaned his marked-up version of the book to Mehmet Ali Agca in Rome, who then lent it to KGB agent Morton Kondracke, who lost it while on a fishing trip with Jesse Jackson, Muammar el-Qaddafi, and Jesse Helms. All of this information was passed to *NR* by former Doors lead singer Jim Morrison, who is still alive under the name Edward Jay Epstein. Go ahead, *New Republic*, try to top that one.

☐ We want to extradite the murderers of Robert Stethem, and the Lebanese Minister of Justice is Nabih Berri. Are there any other ideas?

☐ Since we apparently aren't going to do anything else about it, why not ship ten thousand pairs of sunglasses to the Bekaa Valley. Give them something to think about.

☐ The terrorists had been operating for four years, choosing, as always with such groups, cowards' targets: half a dozen civilian buses (though that attack, which could have killed more than a hundred people, was foiled); two mayors of Middle Eastern towns, both crippled for life; a crowd of university students, three of whom were killed when the terrorists hurled grenades into the crowd and then opened fire with automatic weapons. Eventually, however, the terrorists were caught, put on trial for murder by their native government, which proclaimed that the terrorists' lofty ideals were no defense for their actions, and convicted for . . . Wait a second. In the *Middle East*? Where in the Middle East do terrorist stories end like that? Oh. You were expecting maybe Libya? Last week's conviction of Israeli terrorists in an Israeli court (for murder, which carries a mandatory life sentence) was a nice reminder that despite the occasional imprudences of our Middle Eastern policy at least we have allies of whom we can be proud. By resisting powerful political pressure for a pardon, Israeli President Chaim Herzog upholds Israel's honor. He deserves the praise and support of Israel's friends.

☐ China under Deng Xiaoping has taken some decidedly anti-Maoist steps during the last seven years, including a measure of decentralization and, notably, the suggestion last fall that Marxism is obsolete (a subsequent "clarification" notwithstanding). The latest in this round of reform is a series of educational changes. The new policy is in response to poor performance among primary- and secondary-level students, a short supply of qualified teachers, weak curricula, and a severe discipline problem. (Sound familiar?) All of which were not contributing to Deng's goal of achieving economic parity with the West by the middle of the next century. The changes include a new, mandatory nine-year program for all children (the equivalent of an education through junior high school in the United States). Also, more emphasis is being placed on vocational and technical skills, rather than indoctrination in Maoist "thought." Party spokesmen have criticized the "over-strict control" that was used during the Cultural Revolution to silence academics interested in non-Communist subject matter. The slow wheels of reform continue to turn.

☐ Edmund Perry, a 17-year-old black kid from Harlem, was shot by a white policeman in New York City last month. That alone wouldn't have made news. But Perry had just graduated from posh Exeter Academy and was to attend Stanford University in the fall. The police claimed that Perry was shot while trying to pummel an undercover cop, but few New Yorkers believed that. Instead the media accepted the explanation stated by Perry's mother: "White men hated to see his success. Because he was so good. That's the

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

WHILE RONALD REAGAN was sequestered at the Naval Hospital in Bethesda, Capitol Hill was buzzing with questions (and answers) about the political impact of his cancer surgery.

Republicans were modestly optimistic. "In the short term, when it comes to criticizing the President, people will pull their punches," said one Republican campaign strategist. "But in a few weeks he'll be running around looking younger than we do, and then the critics will be out in force." A Senate staffer put it this way: "Reagan will walk away with tremendous good will and political capital that he can hold in reserve as a weapon."

Democrats assess the favorable impact as much greater. "He was already verging on transcendence," says the administrative aide to a leading Democrat on the Hill. "Now he's achieved it. He's beyond political attack. He's untouchable for as far as the eye can see."

Unless the President's condition takes a turn for the worse, the consensus here is that the cancer disclosure will not affect the 1986 Senate races, or the shape of the budget.

Three events have combined of late to bring about a conservative foreign-policy backlash on the Hill, even from House Democrats: the Beirut hostage crisis, terrorist violence against Americans globally, and the Walker spy case.

Item: A $12-billion-plus foreign-aid bill passed by the House includes $5 million for Cambodian anti-Communist rebels and $15 million for Afghans fighting the Soviet occupation of their country. The bill also repealed the Clark Amendment, a nine-year-old sacred cow prohibiting the United States from giving aid to Jonas Savimbi and UNITA, the rebel freedom-fighters battling the Marxist dictatorship in Angola. In June, the Senate passed a similar foreign-aid bill, and the two bills should easily be reconciled in conference. Senator Steve Symms (R., Ida.) then led a successful drive to have the Senate vote to repeal the Clark Amendment. "The State Department discouraged repeal," said one Senate staffer. "They thought that it would lose in the Senate, and even if it passed it wouldn't have a snowball's chance in hell in the House. Typically limp-wristed."

Item: In June, the House unexpectedly reversed itself and voted to grant non-military aid to the Nicaraguan *Contras*.

Item: An amendment to the Uniform Code of Military Justice to allow for the death penalty in cases of peacetime espionage has been shepherded through the House by Congressman Bill McCollum (R., Fla.) and is now in conference with a sympathetic Senate. The McCollum Amendment passed 320 to 101 in a recorded vote, and supporters of the conservative tide on the Hill point out that Congress does not record votes on capital punishment unless it's pretty stirred up.

Hill conservatives are pleased with the moves, but think that they are long overdue. "There is finally recognition that we are in an ongoing battle against the Soviets every day," said one Hill foreign-relations expert who was behind the Clark Amendment repeal. "Let's hope it lasts. Nothing less will get the job done."

George Bush will be looking presidential when he and Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher share the spotlight on July 25, as the banquet speakers at the annual congress of the International Democratic Union, held this year in Washington, D.C. The IDU, founded in 1983, consists of moderate and conservative political parties (both the Republicans and the Democrats are members) from 19 Western countries, which seek to "foster free, democratic, and open societies worldwide." Party officials from all 19 countries, and nine prime ministers, will attend.

While Bush may be looking presidential, some expect Mrs. Thatcher to look worried. In late June, the Conservatives were in third place in the British polls (31 per cent support), with the Liberal-Social Democratic Alliance second (32 per cent) and Labour on top (36 per cent). Mrs. Thatcher must call a national election by the summer of 1988, and because of her support of U.S. research for Star Wars and U.S. stationing of missiles in the United Kingdom, American national-security interests may be at issue in two elections, British and American, that year.

"Labour would never be elected," says one British international-affairs expert. "There is a deep-seated public perception that it is lurching farther and farther to the left. Its popularity in the polls is just mid-term dissatisfaction with the government in power. Maggie dropped even farther last time, but she won handily anyway." So, not to worry? —CATO

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only way I can figure it, they wanted to wipe him out." But it seems that Perry was indeed trying to mug the cop. A grand jury interviewed 23 witnesses who either heard Perry and his brother planning the assault or saw them actually assaulting the cop. There was palpable disappointment among the literati when they discovered that the shooting was an act of self-defense by the policeman. This, after all, is the sort of story that makes life worth living for editors of the *Village Voice*. But the most interesting prejudice to surface during the hullabaloo was the inability to believe that a boy admitted to Stanford would actually commit a crime. Crime is caused by poverty and restricted opportunity, according to Great Society thinking. If society stops oppressing the poor, they will stop knifing the rich. An ex-ipse-dixit-ism.

☐ Mr. Mohammed Abu Miniar el-Qaddafi has found his reward at age one hundred, RIP, unfortunately predeceasing his son, the dictator of Libya.

☐ The Brooklyn Public Library is distributing a pamphlet titled "Gay & Proud," listing and describing 15 books on homosexual and lesbian themes. *Rubyfruit Jungle* is "a very funny lesbian novel of being different and loving it!!!!" In *Happy Endings Are All Alike*, "small-town prejudices emerge when a love affair between two teenage girls is revealed." What's

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more, "your librarian can recommend additional titles. All nonfiction books are suitable for high-school assignments." Really!!!! "Assignments" tend to be compulsory, don't they? We've come a long way from "consenting adults." Slippery slope.

☐ The Soviets do not like rock star Prince, and just when we were ready to believe the worst.

Treading Water in Congress

IN THE OLD Bill Cosby routine, Noah is resisting the idea of building the ark when the voice of God rings out: "Noah . . . how long can you tread water?" The latest budget compromise, with no real cuts in Social Security and no real growth in defense, will not drown us. One year more is not long enough for us to go bankrupt or lose the race with the Soviets. But how long can we tread water?

The sad thing is that the Republican Senate, so often and so justly maligned by conservatives in the past, showed creditable courage in moving to trim Social Security increases. But neither the White House nor House Republicans were in the mood for a fight. The retirees' cost-of-living allowances soon became the most popular restored COLA since old Coke.

The collapse on Social Security shed light on one of the interesting trends in Congress, which is that the "hard-line" House Republicans may now be softer on spending issues than their Senate colleagues. Representatives Kemp and Gingrich, along with some Conservative Opportunity Society rank-and-filers, are increasingly associated with the view that trying to cut domestic spending is futile or premature or likely to lose elections or even wrong in principle. Some of these congressmen say that what they want is to ignite an economic boom so red hot that people will voluntarily drop out of aid programs—a rationale that, first, could only pertain to programs subject to income or assets tests, and, second, ignores the history of the mid-Sixties, when strong economic growth coincided with the establishment of welfare as a way of life.

The broader lesson of each year's budget fiasco is that the heftiest obstacle to fiscal reform is the fabled "budget process" itself, which channels conservative energies into endless squabbling over marginal changes. Wrecking the budget process once and for all would cause editorial writers to wring their hands, but it might allow a conservative coalition to emerge along more natural lines, which is to say, in this Congress, a coalition in defense of presidential vetoes. Unfortunately, as a new Heritage Foundation paper makes clear, the leadership on that front has not been forthcoming from the White House itself: President Reagan has vetoed an average of only ten bills a year, compared with 22 for Gerald Ford and 23 for Ike.

Gorbachev Supreme

THE SWEEPING leadership changes announced in Moscow at the end of July have left Kremlinologists stunned at the swiftness with which Mikhail Gorbachev has consolidated his personal power. The once faceless functionary from Stavropol is turning out to be a political dynamo and a bureaucratic manipulator of the highest order. Anyone doubting the prowess of the leader of the Unfree World should consider what Gorbachev accomplished at the plenary session of the Central Committee on July 1 and the Supreme Soviet session the following day.

To begin with, he eliminated his principal rival in the Politburo, Grigory Romanov. The erstwhile Party boss from Leningrad and onetime candidate to replace Chernenko was retired—ostensibly for reasons of health, though all of Moscow knew better.

This was followed by a brilliant resolution of Gorbachev's Gromyko problem. Having served for 28 years as foreign minister of the Soviet Union, Gromyko had become a world statesman of almost unparalleled stature. He had served as virtually the sole architect of Soviet foreign policy in the years following Brezhnev's death and had been the kingmaker who engineered Gorbachev's election as general secretary after Chernenko died. So long as Gromyko was foreign minister, Gorbachev's power would be limited to domestic affairs. But to oust Gromyko from the Politburo would have been not only an act of ingratitude (no real problem on that count), but also a political near impossibility. So Gorbachev neatly kicked him upstairs, to the largely ceremonial post of president of the Soviet Union.

But the coup was not yet complete. As president, Gromyko might still tend to dominate foreign affairs through his position on the Politburo and influence in the foreign-affairs ministry. It was necessary, there-

"As a relatively small airline, can we have your word of honor that you have nothing illegal in your luggage?"

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fore, to neutralize the foreign-affairs ministry and the professional diplomatic corps. This Gorbachev accomplished by the most astonishing and unprecedented move of all. He brought in Eduard Shevardnadze, the slavishly loyal Party boss and erstwhile police chief from the province of Georgia, as foreign minister and as a full member of the Politburo. It marked the first time in Soviet history that a man with no experience in foreign policy had been selected as foreign minister of the USSR. It was also the first time that a non-Slav had been chosen, and since it is inconceivable that the Slavic majority on the Politburo would let a non-Slav control foreign policy, it is evident that Shevardnadze is intended to be nothing more than a front man for Gorbachev, a loyal functionary who will implement policy, not design it.

As if all this were not enough, Gorbachev capped his triumph by packing the Politburo and Central Committee Secretariat with men of his own choosing, thus forging a secure operating majority in the key organs of power. He also engineered a subtle put-down of the armed forces of the USSR by not elevating Sokolov, the defense minister, to full membership of the Politburo (as had been widely assumed would happen). It was as if he wanted to remind even the ultimate guarantor of Soviet power—the Red Army—just who is in charge here.

Stockman: Fount of Confusion

As DIRECTOR of the Office of Management and Budget, David Stockman had a most peculiar career in government. Throughout, it had a paradoxical character, evidence perhaps of an absence of philosophical anchoring.

An ace number-cruncher, Stockman was promoted for the OMB post by Jack Kemp and other influential supply-siders. But in office, Stockman was one of the principal subverters of the supply-side experiment. He crafted the delay in implementing the first tax-rate reduction, and also the lowering of the first cut to 5 per cent.

Stockman's infamous logorrhea with William Greider of *The Atlantic* embarrassed the Administration severely and undercut what everyone took to be its economic philosophy. Stockman was also instrumental in promoting the absurd 1982 tax increase, put through as we were moving into an economic resurgence, and perhaps slowing it.

On a tighter administrative ship, Stockman would have been fired instantly over the Greider interview. Two things saved him. It was said at the time that Stockman was the only person in the White House who understood the federal budget, which may be true; but you could have hired any one of fifty people at MIT to do the green-eyeshade work. And at bottom, the then chief-of-staff, James Baker, probably agreed with Stockman on taxes rather than with the President.

Current chief-of-staff Donald Regan works for the Chief. He reportedly viewed Stockman as a loose cannon and, after his recent bursts of self-expression, expendable. Mr. Regan, correctly, wants an OMB director with a much lower profile than Stockman's, and Regan will be a search committee of one.

David Stockman has achieved fame, and now he will seek fortune on Wall Street. Perhaps there he will grow more enthusiastic about lower taxes.

Agca's Prothonotary Warbler

MEHMET ALI AGCA, the Turk who shot the Pope in 1981, has been comporting himself eccentrically in the Italian trial of his Turkish and Bulgarian accomplices—contradicting earlier statements, adding new ones and then retracting them, disclosing that he is Jesus Christ. Those who ignored and downplayed the Bulgarian connection in the first place—which is to say, the media and the CIA—may feel tempted to write the story off once again, as the fantasy of an obvious madman. They should resist the temptation.

This is not the first time Agca has thrown up a cloud of lies and fantasies. He deceived investigators during his first 18 months in prison, insisting that he had acted alone. Only when it became clear to him that he would not be sprung from jail did he begin to talk. Why Agca should begin lying again is unclear. Perhaps he feels his chances of being pardoned as a reward for coming clean are dim. Perhaps he fears the retribution of his former colleagues in the criminal underworld.

Whatever Agca's inner thoughts, the prosecutor's case does not rely on his unsubstantiated word. The decision to bring the Turks and Bulgarians to trial was made on the basis of 25,000 pages of documentation collected by an investigating magistrate. The magistrate's report found Agca's story of a conspiracy to be confirmed by a multitude of verifiable details. All the people Agca claimed he met and plotted with were in the cities—sometimes registered in the very hotel rooms—where and when Agca claimed he met them. Agca had precise and circumstantial memories of his partners' looks, their habits, their homes: He knew that Zhelyo Vasilev, secretary to the Bulgarian military attaché, had a small wart on his left cheek; that Bekir Celenk, a Turkish mafioso, walked with a slight limp; that Sergei Antonov, an employee of the Bulgarian airline in Rome, had an eye defect, a collection of miniature liquor bottles, and a wife nicknamed Rosy. Agca testified that he and his backup man in the shooting were to have left Italy in a sealed truck; one hour after the crime, a sealed truck, which

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the Bulgarians had gone to extraordinary lengths to have cleared by customs, left the Bulgarian embassy in Rome for the Yugoslav border.

The charge of conspiracy never rested on Agca's statements alone, but on those that cohered and that could be verified. That is the pattern—in a drawn-out and, it would seem, willfully confused trial—to watch for.

The Burger Course

THE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT is now petitioning the Supreme Court to reverse its "historic" 1973 ruling in *Roe* v. *Wade*, which made easy abortion the law of the land. It's unlikely that the Court will do this, but the move may still serve the useful purpose of highlighting judicial capriciousness, of which *Roe* is the most tragic example.

If the abortion issue weren't so red hot, the legal oddity of *Roe* would command more attention. The Court struck down not only conservative and restrictive abortion laws but liberal, permissive ones as well. It declared, in effect, that none of the fifty state legislatures had ever understood the Constitution properly in the area of abortion—a far more sweeping attack on state legislation than the Court's 1954 desegregation ruling in *Brown* v. *Board of Education*, which nullified the laws of only a minority of the states.

Furthermore, since no constitutional qualms about abortion laws were expressed even by their opponents at the time of their passage, the Court in effect held in *Roe* not only that the legislative majorities had always been wrong, but also that no minority had ever been right. What really happened, of course, was that abortion-on-demand had been added to the liberal agenda at about the time of *Roe*, and the Court was up to its old trick of pretending to "discover" in the Constitution a part of that agenda that was unlikely to get a legislative majority. Judicial review, ironically, though intended by the Framers as a check on "faction" (special interests, as we would say) has itself become the factional instrument of liberalism. Far from representing the deliberate sense of a long-term consensus as expressed in the Constitution against the claims of a short-term political majority, the Court has come to represent the interest of a current minority against both majority and tradition. The diverse laws struck down by *Roe* at least bespoke a long-standing consensus against abortion-on-demand.

The Court has pulled this act so many times over the past generation that any succeeding Court faces an embarrassing legacy of bogus constitutional law not only on abortion but also on such issues as school prayer, racial integration, legislative districting, capital punishment, pornography, and defendants' rights, to name a few. Direct reversal of a previous body of rulings would seriously undermine the prestige of the Court that did the reversing, just as a current pope's reversal of his predecessor's teaching would injure the authority of the papacy, including his own.

The Burger Court is well aware of this. Despite *Roe*, it has been generally uneasy with the Warren legacy, but has seldom contradicted it in any principled way, preferring instead to cut back marginally on some big Warren-era rulings. This has diminished the practical force of those rulings (e.g., on arrest procedures), but it has also made for tangled precedents and ever more obscure constitutional principles. And it leaves the Court as powerful and unpredictable as ever.

In the term just ended, the Court upheld earlier rulings on school prayer and aid to private schools that had taken separation of church and state to the fanatical lengths favored by the American Civil Liberties Union. (The ACLU, in fact, applauded the Court's line.) Just as the Warren Court sacrificed the Constitution to liberal ideology, the Burger Court sacrifices it to the false appearance of continuity. But this Court's continuity is with Warren-era innovations, not with constitutional tradition, which is why it can be expected to reject the Administration's request that it admit the error of its ways in *Roe*.

Old Coke in New Bottles

"THE TRUTH is we are not that dumb and we are not that smart." That was Coca-Cola president Donald Keough's response to charges that Coke had engineered the whole new Coke in old bottles, old Coke in new bottles fiasco in order to reawaken America's loyalty to what Coke's management feared might be a dying product.

Keough's one-liner really sums up the whole affair. Staging old Coke's sudden demise and dramatic return might have been a disastrous stroke or a brilliant one, but it would have been inspired. The essence of the Coke affair, by contrast, was the relentless substitution of calculation for innovation. All the MBA marketing idols—market research, consumer polls, blind taste tests—received their customary sacrifices. Coke's management devoted three years and millions of dollars to an elaborate effort to outguess the market and determine (one wonders, did they like old Coke themselves?

Unnatural Acts

Though Paul Kirk's tried to bill and coo,
  Scratch backs, suborn, and nag,
No tail has ever managed to
  Make any doggy wag.

W. H. VON DREELE

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Could they possibly have liked new Coke? Did the question occur to them?) absolutely, positively, and scientifically, which taste was most acceptable to the largest number of people. They were chasing the risk-free cola and the risk-free profit, a money machine of a product to which no one at Coke would need to have a personal commitment, and for which no one at Coke would be responsible in the ordinary sense. They would only need to cite the numbers, numbers produced, ultimately, by the same social-science mentality that has striven to take the risk out of thought. But there is no risk-free capitalism, no capitalism without capitalists: men who risk their money and reputations on their inspirations. Without risk and commitment there is only greed, not, as they are discovering down in Atlanta, a very marketable product.

Mexican Hat Dance

REPORTERS SEE people leaping from cars with ballot boxes—already filled. Other filled ballot boxes are removed from the polling places and dumped—uncounted—if they come from polling places in areas where the opposition National Action Party (PAN) is strong. Opposition poll-watchers are barred from taking up their stations. A PAN mayoral candidate in the state of Nuevo León finds his name has been removed from the voting rolls. Hundreds of supporters of the ruling Institutional Revolutionary Party (PRI) vote once and twice, and then vote once again, and each time are dutifully checked off fictitious voting lists. Supporters of the PAN have their fingers dipped in indelible ink to preclude their voting again; somehow PRI voters pass in and out with fingers unstained. One local congress announces the winning candidates —after the polling booths are closed, to be sure, but before the votes are counted. In the home town of Adalberto Rosas, who is running for governor of Sonora, the official records tell us that *no one* voted for Rosas, not a single person: not his mother or his father, not his sisters or his brothers, not his uncles or his aunts, not his wife, not his children, not Rosas himself, nobody.

What have we here? A Mexican election—specifically, the Mexican gubernatorial and municipal elections that President Miguel de la Madrid boasted would be the cleanest ever held in his country since the PRI took over sixty-odd years ago. Perhaps they are. The fraud was so crude, the *New York Times* commented that "It was the type of election that, had it occurred in El Salvador in 1983, . . . would have produced worldwide headlines declaiming fraud and would have led to grave questioning of the credibility of the elected governments there." To be sure some countries hastened to cable their congratulations to President de la Madrid on a job well done: the Soviet Union, Haiti, South Yemen. Was anyone surprised? The foreign press corps, which, says the *Times*, "seemed to take at face value President de la Madrid's pledges that the elections would be conducted cleanly," in the spirit of the "moral renovation" he regularly promotes. Was anyone not surprised? The people of Mexico City, only 13 per cent of whom expected the elections to be honest, according to a pre-election poll. Well, no one got killed. Congratulations.

Maggot Time

THE COMMUNIST PARTY is dead, we are told. If so, it is a busy corpse. Two of its newer front groups, Women for Racial and Economic Equality and the National Alliance against Racist and Political Repression, appear to be making some inroads among blacks, as witness the national conference of the Alliance, held in New York City, May 17 to 19. There were some four hundred in attendance at the first-night rally in Harlem to hear Angela Davis, with the accent and delivery of a society matron, Councilman Wendell Foster, Assemblyman José Rivera, Pete Seeger (of course), and others.

The impeachment of "Mayor Crotch" was called for. A young man from Alabama with a red carnation in his lapel said that President Reagan had decreed the murder of all black babies and black men in the United States. He got a fine reception.

CP old-timers helped to fill the auditorium on opening night (John Abt is a "Lifetime Member"), but there was a healthy majority of both young and older blacks. The following days saw a fall-off in the CP old-timers and a predominance of blacks. In keeping with its target audience, the CP maintained a low profile and the conference stuck to business: a mixed bag of "civil rights" cases—murder cases, black officials accused of voter fraud in Alabama, etc.—that had, however, a startlingly ambiguous ring to them. It was announced, for example, that 1,800 black elected officials are now "under attack" or suffering "some kind of harassment." What seems to have happened is that as blacks have become more fully integrated into American society, clear-cut instances of victimization become harder to find. (The strained rhetoric of Jesse Jackson is another symptom of this.)

The blacks at this conference showed signs of Communist manipulation in recent years (Paul Robeson was cited several times as an inspiration). They evidently are not aware of the ways in which the Communists have used them in the past. Ralph Ellison's masterpiece, *Invisible Man*, describes this betrayal brilliantly in all its mendacity (CP headquarters in Harlem closing up and vanishing overnight when the line changes to the Popular Front), but this crowd must have skipped that chapter.

The lessons of the conference: 1) The CP has done

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its homework and is beginning to move again: among blacks, labor, the peace movement. It has the money and the backing. 2) It is feeding on a more ambiguous kind of black discontent, which finds its innocent targets in Jews who have climbed higher on the ladder than they. Anti-Semitism, no stranger to the history of leftism, is the name of the game. Councilman Foster referred to "the president of Columbia University that's fighting against the quota system who went to Columbia on the quota system himself." Never mind that quotas in those days were a *limit* on the number of Jews admitted. He continued: "Now he says that nobody else can get in on the quota system. I don't care if you call it affirmative action or the quota system or anything else. Just give me what is mine and if you don't you better get out of the way because I'm gonna take it." The applause was ringing.

And, from the Fever Swamps

RESURGENT neo-Nazism is always a popular media topic, but recent events have given it point: the Greensboro trial in which members of the Ku Klux Klan and the American Nazi Party were held liable in the shooting of five Communist organizers of that "Death to the Klan" rally six years ago; and the FBI drive (many arrests; some shootouts) against a number of Nazi, racist, and other paramilitary groups.

Peter Lake—filmmaker, journalist, adventurer—has done some of the more creative research on this movement, infiltrating the group known as The Order and smuggling out a videotape exposing its activities. Lake, a self-described liberal Democrat, told the Anti-Defamation League recently that while the wave of arrests and deaths of neo-Nazis has temporarily paralyzed the network, it will be back. He believes that these groups —including the Ku Klux Klan, the Aryan Nations, and Posse Comitatus—are no longer satisfied with parading around in white robes and burning crosses. They are engaged in violent, organized terrorism aimed at the overthrow of the U.S. Government.

Or rather, as they consider it, the Zionist Occupational Government. Some Klan members have now joined the Nazis in seeing Jews as the real villains, with blacks as their victims. One now-dead leader of The Order told Lake of his desire to form an alliance of convenience with black separatists. Louis Farrakhan, call your office.

Unsurprising have been the attempts of some publications, such as the *Village Voice*, to link these terror groups (usually referred to, even in mainstream publications, as "far-right extremists") with American conservatives, neoconservatives, and people who just celebrate the Fourth of July. Not so, says Lake. In fact, he quoted one neo-Nazi as saying that he would "rather shoot an editor of *Commentary* than an editor of *Pravda* any time."

Let OPEC Squirm

IT SEEMS just yesterday that we were being assured that "managed trade" was here to stay: OPEC was just the start, and we had better resign ourselves to a world of government-to-government trade deals from now on. That theory is disintegrating as fast as the power of OPEC itself. As non-OPEC competitors have expanded their oil production, the cartel has had to cut its output nearly in half to keep prices from falling even further than they have. All its members "cheat" on their quotas by charging less and producing more. Saudi Arabia, which has been the cartel's balance wheel, is running a trade deficit of $20 billion a year, according to a *Wall Street Journal* report.

The Saudis have already cut their oil output by as much as 80 per cent from its peak, and at current prices they would have to cut it to zero and beyond within a few years to save the cartel. Instead they are threatening/promising to reverse course by expanding their output massively, which would finish off OPEC and, with it, the whole notion of political determination of oil prices. We are further down that road already than you may realize; to quote the *Journal*, the USSR has told one of its major European clients "that it intends to pursue 'aggressively' a free-market policy" to sell its energy to European markets. The latest Mexican price cut will help matters along.

OPEC is now desperate to draw Western governments into negotiations to "stabilize" the market, which would keep the managed-trade idea alive. But those governments, organized as the International Energy Agency, are wisely refusing to talk. Here, as in so many other instances, non-negotiation is the most creative diplomatic tactic of all.

Nick Thimmesch, R I P

NICK THIMMESCH was the stuff one thinks, in dreamy moments, that journalism is made of. He was an earthy Midwesterner, principled, independent, generous, fair-minded, and not for sale. He was an ace reporter for *Time* magazine and Washington bureau chief for *Newsweek* before he launched his own column in 1969. He refused to move left with the herd, but he was never really a "movement" conservative either. It was his way to delve deeply into any story or issue, mastering all the fine points and reaching sometimes idiosyncratic positions, regardless of the pressures and incentives to get into alignment with prevalent factions. What drove him was a professional sense that the full story is seldom really told. One of his passions was abortion, which outraged him, and he took his stand against it with a forthrightness that probably cost him some of the success he deserved. When he learned that a California abortion mill was keeping the remains of

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16,000 infants in its backyard, he went to work and made a national scandal of it, heedless of the papers that would drop his column. He wanted above all to be a good reporter in good causes, and he succeeded, until cancer stopped him at the age of 57. It never occurred to him to describe himself as an idealist; but in the constant and conscientious exercise of his skills he did more good than a hundred utopians.

NOTES & ASIDES

☐ NOTICE TO OUR READERS, WRITERS, VOTARIES, FRIENDS

From: WFB

The very sad news is that Kevin Lynch, Articles Editor of NATIONAL REVIEW, is leaving, indeed has left us, effective July 1. He has accepted an appointment as editor from Ed Warner, who is chief of the Current Affairs Division of USIA's Voice of America.

We hold no grudge against the United States Information Agency, and our forthcoming editorial conclusion that the entire agency should be abolished has absolutely nothing to do with its taking from us our beloved friend and colleague Kevin Lynch. . . . He came to us in 1969, as an editorial assistant, freshly graduated from St. John's College in Brooklyn. He married Josephine Gallagher, who was secretary to Assistant Publisher James McFadden until her growing family detached her from the magazine (she has recently concluded an undergraduate degree and is working to become a CPA). He became the managing editor of our odd-week publication, the *National Review Bulletin*, until its dissolution a few years ago. He served for years as Articles Editor, and is known extensively to our writers and correspondents, who will share our personal and professional grief at his leave-taking. He is the gentlest of men, with steel in his kidney, especially on the subject of racial and religious persecution behind the Iron Curtain, concerning which he is the expert VOA so clearly wants.

We are happy to name as his replacement Richard Vigilante. He is a graduate of Yale University (one class behind Senior Editor Richard Brookhiser). He comes to us having served as an editorial writer for the *Washington Times*. He is familiar to our readers as both a book reviewer and an occasional feature writer. PLEASE NOTE that all future questions concerning manuscripts should be directed to Mr. Vigilante.

And, also lamentably, we will be losing David Brooks in midsummer. He came to us a year ago as an editorial apprentice, fresh from the University of Chicago. He has undertaken a number of diverse editorial chores for *NR*, and will now go to Washington —to write editorials for the *Washington Times*. . . . It probably would have been easier to arrange a merger between *NR*, the *Washington Times*, and VOA, but we could not afford a lobbyist.

☐ Dear Bill:

Please find enclosed a copy of *The Christian Activist* newspaper, winter edition. As you will see on page 15 we have recognized your magazine, NATIONAL REVIEW, as Best News Magazine of the Year. Our newspaper is an evangelical publication with a circulation of two hundred thousand.

All the best,
Franky Schaeffer,
Editor
Los Gatos, Calif.

Dear Franky: Thanks. All best wishes, Bill

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

When the space-age housewife plugs in her Sunbeam "infinite speed" mixer, right away she learns something fundamental about infinity: It has two distinct meanings. Her appliance doesn't really operate at infinite speed, rather at an infinite number of speeds. The distinction was lost on Zeno.

Why do your readers carry on ad infinitum about Zeno's Paradox? The ancient philosopher did not expose a whimsical Mother Nature. His isn't a problem for physics but for language. He merely created an argument based on an equivocation.

An infinite distance is one thing; an infinite number of divisions within a finite distance quite another. The first "infinity" properly implies infinite duration; the second doesn't. In his pursuit of the Tortoise, Achilles must deal with the latter and simply is never faced with the temporal implications of the former.

Zeno's clever shift in meaning inflicts a paralysis, not upon Achilles, but upon those who undertake a "solution" to his paradox. None of whom, I am sure, owns a Sunbeam mixer.

Regards,
Kent Worthington
Washington, D.C.

☐ Memo to: WFB
From: A colleague

New York State's Supreme Court has ruled that employers may no longer discriminate against so-called "overweight" people. In a 5 to 1 ruling, the court upheld the claims of a woman, 5 feet 6 inches and 249 pounds, but built like a brick shithouse, who had been denied employment by the Xerox Corporation. The decision could have major implications for a New York-based conservative magazine, which has been seriously underpaying a bulky but brilliant editor. If this paragraph doesn't go in, he's seeing a lawyer.

—WFB

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PROTECTIONIST STRATEGIES

A TIDAL WAVE of protectionist reprisal on Capitol Hill threatens nations exporting goods to the United States and may wreak havoc with President Reagan's relations with Congress. More than seventy trade-protection bills had been filed before July 4, and more were introduced after Congress reconvened. Congress wants Mr. Reagan to stem the flood of imports by executive action (without Congress) and is warning him that inaction or, worse, opposition to the bills will be an albatross for Republicans up for re-election in 1986.

The protectionist impetus derives partly from the bloating trade deficit and partly from fear of America's "deindustrialization." Between 1983 and 1984, the trade deficit ballooned from $69 billion to $123 billion, and it is expected to reach $150 billion in 1985, making the U.S. a debtor nation (the deficit being greater than our overseas investment surplus) for the first time since 1914.

Seven million jobs created since 1981 by Reaganomics is no proof of prosperity, according to protectionists on the Hill. "Virtually all are in the service sector," observes Republican Senator John Heinz, whose home state (Pennsylvania) produces both steel and textiles, two hard-hit industries losing out to international competition. Heinz chairs the National Republican Senatorial Committee, which is helping 22 incumbent GOP senators defend their seats in 1986, so he views imports through the lens of their economic and electoral consequences.

The flood of Japanese products is also causing protectionist fever. The United States' deficit with Japan is growing faster than its deficit with the world as a whole: At $36.8 billion it amounts to a quarter of the total. The Japanese announced on March 28 that they would increase auto exports by as much as 25 per cent over the previously negotiated limitations. Early this month a six-member House delegation delivered a letter to Japanese Prime Minister Yasuhiro Nakasone threatening retaliation if Japan did not curb its exports and open its markets to U.S. imports. Among measures to curb Japanese imports is a bill sponsored by Senator Heinz for a 20 per cent surcharge on all Japanese goods.

Japan is not the only target of the protectionists. In mid-June the International Trade Commission (ITC) recommended that Reagan cut shoe imports (Taiwan, South Korea, Italy, Brazil) from their current 72 per cent market share to 50 per cent, and hold them there for the next five years. Reagan must decide by August whether to reject, approve, or modify the recommendation. Republican Senator John Danforth of Missouri (the second greatest shoe-producing state) says he has the votes to override a presidential veto, but the betting here is that Reagan will go along with footwear relief.

The European Economic Community, meanwhile, has drawn fire for its favored-nation treatment of the agricultural exporting nations in North Africa —the "Maghreb" nations—plus Israel. Reagan has raised duties on EEC produce, and the EEC has threatened retaliation in kind on U.S. exports.

On textiles, it's Congress at bat. Senator Strom Thurmond (R., S.C.) and Representative Ed Jenkins (D., Ga.) are sponsoring bills to roll back imports to their 1984 levels and practically freeze them there. The bill has enough co-sponsorship to pass. The textile and shoe quotas would affect mainly Pacific Basin nations, those prospering, low-debt, high-population, mostly free-market countries that only a short time back were being touted as ideal trading partners.

On the anti-protectionist side, besides the economic-reprisal arguments, there is the national-security dimension. Japan and the other Pacific Basin nations—the Philippines, Hong Kong, Taiwan, South Korea, Communist China, Singapore, Brunei, Malaysia, and Indochina—are current or (as in the case of Mainland China) prospective U.S. allies. The Soviets are also courting many of these nations, some of which face domestic Communist insurgencies and other political dislocations. Since U.S. trade is central to their economies, and hence perhaps to their stability, the question arises whether protectionism —aside from the usual economic critiques—is geostrategically sound. "And that's why Shultz opposes the textile bill," observes one Hill trade staffer.

ON WHICH side will Reagan come down? To make the case that the President is a true-believing free-trader, you can adduce items like the 1983 Caribbean Basin Initiative with its cut in trade restrictions, or the free-trade agreement starting in September between the U.S. and Israel. Both of these actions, however, are really small potatoes, probably motivated more by geostrategy than by economic doctrine. Also, Reagan has supported some protection for domestic steel and negotiated "voluntary" limitations on Japanese auto exports. In both cases, however, the Reagan policies afforded less protection for U.S. manufacturers than those proposed by Congress. "This means that Reagan can excuse himself as the good cop and picture Congress as the bad cop," observed one trade libertarian. "He can claim that whatever he does is done to prevent Congress from imposing more severe measures."

Trend watchers on the Hill see Reagan making protectionist concessions during the coming months, as transient relief for those industries most severely afflicted, but also as a strategic repositioning that will permit him to veer more sharply toward free trade before the end of his term. If true, good politics and good policy. □

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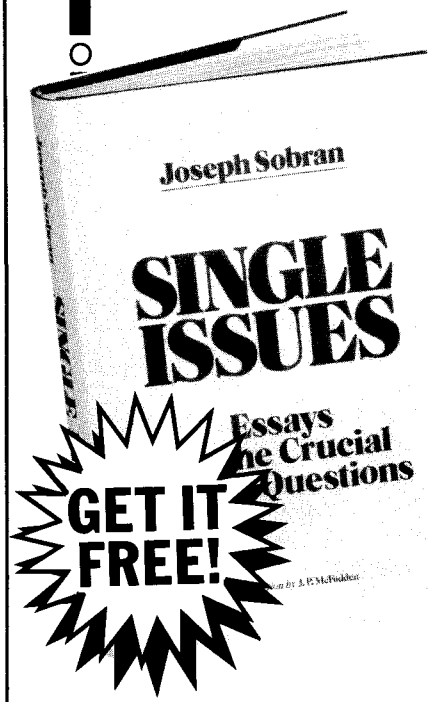

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—Michael Novak

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TERROR, NEW STYLE

WHEN LENIN said (approvingly) that "the purpose of terrorism is to terrorize," he was telling only part of the truth. In his day, terrorism as theater was in its infancy. Today, with color TV and satellite transmission, the show has reached maturity.

The new wave of terrorism, which has grown dramatically in scale and intensity over the past two years or so, highlights the inadequacy of public and official understanding of the problem and of the means to combat it. There are new features: the widespread use of drugs, both to finance terrorism and to yield the extra bonus of undermining societies; and the emergence of independent (or apparently independent) centers of terrorist action.

The main sources of narcotics in the terrorist context are Afghanistan and Cuba, both of which are in the Soviet sphere of control. (The Chinese People's Republic is undoubtedly heavily involved in the narcotics trade, but I have no evidence to suggest that it deliberately uses that trade for terrorist ends. Let us not forget, however, that the late Chinese premier, Chou En-lai, once boasted to Colonel Nasser of Egypt that China, with North Vietnamese participation, had used drugs on a large scale to undermine the morale and efficiency of U.S. forces during the Vietnam War.)

Over a long period, narcotics from Afghanistan were, in effect, marketed through Bulgaria and exported to Italy to help finance the Italian Red Brigades. As I have mentioned before in this column, the Italian police managed to bring this problem under control, and the Red Brigades were virtually put out of action. Alas, they have been reviving, in alliance with the Red Army Faction in West Germany and *Action Directe* in France.

The other drug/terror network operates through Cuba. The raw material is grown in Colombia and exported through Panama to Cuba, there to be processed and packaged. From there on, the narcotics are introduced into the United States through Canada, Mexico, and the Bahamas. The necessary complicities can always be obtained with hard cash.

Over the past three years or so, congressional committees and security or intelligence agencies have obtained a good deal of information on this traffic. A grand jury in Miami issued an indictment of four high officials of Fidel Castro's government for smuggling narcotics into the United States. They included the commander of the Cuban navy, Vice Admiral Aldo Santamaría Cuadrado, and the president of the Cuban People's Friendship Institute, René Rodriguez Cruz, who just happens to be a member of the Central Committee of the Cuban Communist Party. Most unfortunately, these gentlemen didn't happen to be around for any police follow-up that might have been required.

What interests us here, however, is just how far the Cuban link in the drug trade is used to finance terrorism. Estimates vary, but the firmest figure to reach me is $10 million a month for Castro's terrorist coffers.

The political side of the operation is handled by Manuel Piñeiro Losada, who was sacked about 15 years ago as head of Castro's intelligence service, at the KGB's instigation, for his allegedly anti-Soviet attitude. Castro then put him in charge of a secret department concerned with national-liberation movements—to the ultimate benefit of the Soviets.

The Sandinista government is also heavily involved in narco-terrorism, through its commander Bayardo Arce, who oversees Cuban arms deliveries into Nicaragua. At the end of last year, a meeting was held in that country at which precise and extensive plans for a terrorist offensive against the United States were discussed.

The other phenomenon I mentioned is the emergence of new terrorist centers. The Libyan one, by now, is well established. A more recent one, much in evidence during the ordeal of the hostages from the hijacked TWA airliner, is located in Iran and essentially involves the export of Shiite fundamentalism through groups of fanatics in neighboring countries.

The Ayatollah Khomeini began exporting his Iranian revolution shortly after his advent to power nearly seven years ago, facilitated by the complacency of the Carter Administration. In the intervening years, several training centers have been set up in Iran, as well as a terrorist brigade consisting of fanatical Revolutionary Guards, known as Pasdaran, and foreign mercenaries. A foreign base has been established at Baalbek in northern Lebanon, from which terrorist raids have been mounted. Up to two hundred instructors train terrorists recruited through mullahs by Sheik Fazlallah, who has been dubbed the Lebanese Khomeini.

IT WOULD be an exaggeration to say that the Soviet Union controls Iranian Shiite terrorism in the way it controls the Cuban variety. My information, however, is that the USSR has some four thousand experts in Iran, many of them indeed involved in Iranian departments coordinating the various terrorist organizations. There are now eight basic organizations involved in exporting the Islamic Revolution. The best known is the Islamic Jihad (Holy War), but there are others specifically charged with Shiite violence in Saudi Arabia, Bahrain, Iraq, Egypt, Malaysia, and Tunisia.

It is interesting to speculate (idly, of course) just what effect a wave of anti-Soviet outrages in which USSR embassies were the main targets would have on Moscow's enthusiasm for terrorism. □

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ARMS CONTROL: Three Centuries of FAILURE

William R. Hawkins

HARVARD'S RICHARD PIPES has observed that "neither détente nor the arms-limitation agreements accompanying it . . . have produced a dent in the upward curve of Soviet defense expenditures." Instead, Pipes argues, by adopting the public rhetoric of arms control, "the Soviet Union has been able to push through, at relatively small price to its own deployments, severe restrictions on those of the U.S." Edward N. Luttwak of Georgetown's Center for Strategic and International Studies has written that "the hope . . . that arms control may in itself bring the strategic competition to an end . . . is supported neither by the pure logic of arms control nor by its experience in practice." Former ambassador Seymour Weiss has challenged proponents of arms control to show "just what evidence exists that recent nuclear-arms-limitations agreements with the USSR have actually contributed to U.S. security." Even President Carter's national security advisor, Zbigniew Brzezinski, has argued that arms control is dead.

However clear and commonsensical such evaluations seem, the conventional wisdom still overwhelmingly favors some sort of commitment to arms control or the arms-control "process." Indeed, many liberals in politics and in the media seem to regard opposition to arms control as irresponsible, extremist, or radical—as a view beyond the pale of rational discussion. Yet empirically, it is *advocacy* of arms control that must be regarded as the radical position, for it is virtually impossible to find examples of successful arms-control agreements between major powers, not just in the period since World War II, but in any period of history. Those who are suspicious of arms control are the genuine "moderates" in this controversy—the ones whose stand is based on traditional diplomatic practice.

The first discussion of a mutual reduction in arms between two major powers in the modern era occurred in 1766 when the Austrian chancellor, Prince Kaunitz, informally suggested to a Prussian official that both nations reduce their standing armies by three-quarters. For verification, each nation would send commissioners to inspect the other's forces. A proportional reduction would leave the balance of power unchanged while reducing the burden of military spending. The Seven Years' War had ended only three years before, and both Prussia and Austria were nearly bankrupt.

Frederick the Great rejected this overture. Prussia had retained control of the former Austrian province of Silesia in the recent conflict, and he feared Austrian revanchism. A reduction of standing armies would weaken Prussian security because of Austria's faster rate of mobilization. Also, Austria's recent ally, France, was not included in the proposal. Frederick knew the proposal reflected Austria's financial weakness and saw no reason to lessen the pressure. Austria might be forced to disarm unilaterally. In addition, Frederick's considerable experience led him to believe that "agreement will never be arrived at between powers on the number and quantity of troops that each shall maintain against the others."

In 1787, Britain, its finances strained by the American Revolution, proposed to France that neither power increase its naval strength above the usual peacetime establishment without first notifying the other. An agreement was signed on August 30. Less than three weeks later, as France was about to intervene in Holland to help overthrow the pro-British Stadtholder, the British informed France that forty ships of the line were being recommissioned. The British show of force was successful. France backed down, and new agreements were signed in October. Napoleon later claimed that this diplomatic defeat had contributed to the French Revolution by undermining the prestige of the monarchy.

In 1831, France, England, Austria, Prussia, and Russia concluded an agreement that attempted to reduce forces to a peacetime level. The original proposal, made by France, stemmed from the Italian crisis, which had brought Paris and Vienna near war. A protocol was signed and forgotten. The crisis remained, and the next year French troops occupied Ancona in response to an Austrian move into Bologna. Deterrence rather than détente prevented a wider clash.

Arms-control or disarmament negotiations have almost always been tactical and short-lived. Arms limitations of some duration occasionally have been imposed by victors

Mr. Hawkins is an assistant professor of economics at Radford University in Radford, Virginia. He is also director of the South Foundation's Southern Studies Project, which develops educational materials for private high schools.

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on the vanquished. But security demands lead nations to escape such limits as soon as possible. Under the 1856 Treaty of Paris ending the Crimean War, the Black Sea was neutralized, a prohibition directed at Russia by Britain and France. Russia renounced the prohibition at the first opportunity, as, in 1870, Prussia defeated France and England became isolated.

There is one classic example of a successful and enduring arms-limitations agreement. The 1817 Rush-Bagot Convention between the United States and Great Britain limited the arming of ships on the Great Lakes, and became the basis for the still demilitarized Canadian border. The agreement was the result of the evenly fought War of 1812, but it was preserved by what was soon to be a very uneven balance of power in North America. Britain's imperial commitments left no margin for trouble with the United States. Fortunately for London, American restraint and the lack of serious disputes removed the threat of war between the two powers in the nineteenth century, while in the twentieth century Washington, London, and Ottawa have been allies.

This and all the previous examples show the dominance of political and security considerations in diplomacy. Disarmament is powerless at best unless it is linked to a political settlement and a peaceful environment. Those who deny linkage or call for an arms agreement simply for its own sake are howling in the wind. Nations arm because they wish to expand their power or resist the expansion of others. Until the nations concerned can settle on an acceptable status quo, there is no chance for meaningful arms control or peace. In today's context, as long as the Soviet Union is openly committed to a revolutionary agenda encompassing global change, disarmament can only undermine the security of all those states outside the Soviet sphere.

This principle was well understood by the professional diplomats and governing hierarchies of the nineteenth century. By the turn of the century, however, an influential body of liberals, isolationists, and socialists were advocating multilateral arms control, and eventual disarmament, as a principle not *of* diplomacy but *above* diplomacy. These activists put forth as cures for war everything from free trade, to the abolition of finance capitalism and the private manufacture of armaments, to the general strike. This left-wing agitation came in addition to the traditional pacifist stance of various Christian sects. It was also reinforced by a school of conservative legalists who, out of a desire for order, wished to replace the anarchy of power politics with international law and a world court system. These views manifested themselves in several rounds of negotiations before and after World War I.

The first of these negotiations was the Hague Conference of 1899, proposed in 1898 by Czar Nicholas II. In popular perception it was a conference to promote disarmament, but in reality the aim was only to slow the development of new armaments. Russia had just completed a buildup of forces in Asia and had recently re-equipped its army with a new rifle. Yet technology was marching on. The Germans had developed a new field gun with six times the previous rate of fire, and Germany's ally, Austria, was bound to acquire the gun, which the Russians could not afford to buy. Russia needed a "freeze" to keep from falling behind.

Russia's motives were well known in diplomatic circles, but the pressure the peace movement was able to exert throughout the West was such that no government could openly reject an invitation to negotiate. Twenty-six states sent delegates.

It is interesting to note the American attitude toward the talks. The head of the delegation was Andrew D. White, ambassador to Germany, co-founder of Cornell University, and a moderate Republican committed to the legalist approach. He pushed hard for the establishment of an international court of arbitration. In his *Autobiography* he sums up his instructions from Secretary of State John Hay:

> As regards the articles relating to the non-employment of new firearms, explosives, and other destructive agencies, [and] the restricted use of the existing instruments of destruction, . . . they are lacking in practicality . . . The expediency of restraining the inventive genius of our people in the direction of devising means of defense is by no means clear, and considering the temptations to which men and nations may be exposed in time of conflict, it is doubtful if an international agreement of this nature would prove effective.

Among the other members of the delegation was Alfred Thayer Mahan, whose classic *The Influence of Sea Power upon History* made him among the best-known delegates. Mahan had no delusions about arms control. Only two years earlier he had written:

> Time and staying power must be secured for ourselves by that rude and imperfect, but not ignoble arbiter, force—force potential and force organized—which so far has won, and still secures, the greatest triumphs of good in the checkered story of mankind.

White noted of Mahan that "When he speaks, the millennium fades and this stern, severe actual world appears."

In fact, only three concrete measures for restricting weap-

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The conference was the center of attention and the focus of peace groups. White noted that 'The queer letters and crankish proposals which come in every day are amazing. . . . The Quakers are out in force'

ons were adopted by the Hague Conference: a ban on the "dum-dum" expanding bullet; a ban on the use of poison gas in naval warfare; and a five-year moratorium on the dropping of bombs from balloons or other aircraft. The British and American military men—Mahan; his counterpart from the Army, Captain William Crozier; and his opposite number on the British delegation, Admiral Sir John Fisher—led the opposition to all three restrictions.

Admiral Fisher's biographer, Richard Hough, believes that "It was one of Lord Salisbury's shrewdest moves . . . to show the world the nature of the man they would have to break if they took up arms against England." Fisher was a blunt and colorful speaker. He described his early deterrence theory:

> If you rub it in both at home and abroad, that you are ready for instant war with every unit of your strength in the first line, and intend to be first in, and hit your enemy in the belly, and kick him when he is down, and boil your prisoners in oil (if you take any!), and torture his women and children, then people will keep clear of you.

As First Sea Lord, Fisher made the decision to revolutionize battleship design, a decision implemented with the launching of the *Dreadnought* in 1906. Fisher was also among the first to predict the use of unrestricted submarine warfare (Winston Churchill thought this view was extremist in 1913). He listened to the speakers at The Hague "wondering that they could think that any of their resolutions would be recognized in war."

The ban on expanding bullets was passed to annoy the British, who had developed them for use in colonial warfare. On the other two matters, the military men argued that if naval gas weapons or aerial bombardment proved useful, a ban would be neither prudent nor practical. In the event, the Germans used their Zeppelins for bombing raids on London in World War I before they were replaced by more capable aircraft. Gas weapons at sea proved impractical, though the major powers made extensive use of poison gas on land in World War I.

At the time, the conference was the center of attention and the focus of peace groups. White noted that "The queer letters and crankish proposals which come in every day are amazing," and added: "It goes without saying that the Quakers are out in force." A journalist reported that "Young Turks, old Armenians, emancipated and enthusiastic women, ancient revolutionaries from the Forties buzzed about The Hague like bees."

A second Hague Peace Conference in 1907 was initiated by President Theodore Roosevelt, who had won the Nobel Peace Prize the previous year for helping settle the Russo-Japanese War. But the purpose of this conference had nothing to do with disarmament. Roosevelt wrote Ambassador Whitelaw Reid in London:

> We must not grow sentimental and commit some Jefferson-Bryan-like piece of idiotic folly such as would be entailed if the free people that have free governments put themselves at the hopeless disadvantage compared with the military despotisms.

The First World War shattered hopes that religion or free trade or the solidarity of the working class would transcend the political imperatives of the nation-state. Nevertheless, among the victors, it was thought that a sufficient body of common interest made arms control a possibility. Again, this proved an illusion.

The new attempt at arms control focused on the naval arms race. Battleships were the most advanced (and costly) weapons systems of their day, the source of both prestige and power. It was also widely held that the pre-war naval race between England and Germany had contributed to the tensions leading to war. Hence the Washington Naval Conference was called. On February 6, 1922, the five great naval powers signed a treaty limiting their capital ships. The U.S., England, Japan, France, and Italy agreed to a ratio of, respectively, 5:5:3:1.67:1.67 for battleships. Limits on number and tonnage were laid out, as were schedules for new construction running until 1942. Both the U.S. and England were required to scrap some existing warships. Aircraft carriers were also restricted, but these were considered secondary at the time.

For the Harding Administration, the conference was a way to participate in world affairs without joining the League of Nations. It united isolationist Republicans with liberal Democrats under the disarmament umbrella. The only strong objections came from the extreme isolationists who wanted unilateral disarmament without the "entangling" aspects of treaties. For the naval treaty was linked with two other treaties dealing with Asia, which were meant to create a political settlement as a foundation for arms control.

The two Asian treaties reaffirmed the American Open Door policy on China, ended the bilateral relationship between Japan and England, and constituted the U.S., England, Japan, and France as the four imperial powers in Asia. Yet to win the support of enough isolationist senators, the Administration had to pledge that the U.S. was not bound to any action in support of the treaties. As Selig Adler concludes in his study *The Isolationist Impulse*: "The treaties they made relied for enforcement only on the good will and the continued power of the Japanese liberals. Today we know that this was a vain hope."

The naval limitations gave Japan regional dominance because its fleet was concentrated, whereas the British and American fleets had commitments outside the Pacific. The U.S. was not allowed to fortify bases west of Hawaii, which made it impossible to hold the Philippines against invasion. Britain halted work on its Singapore naval base.

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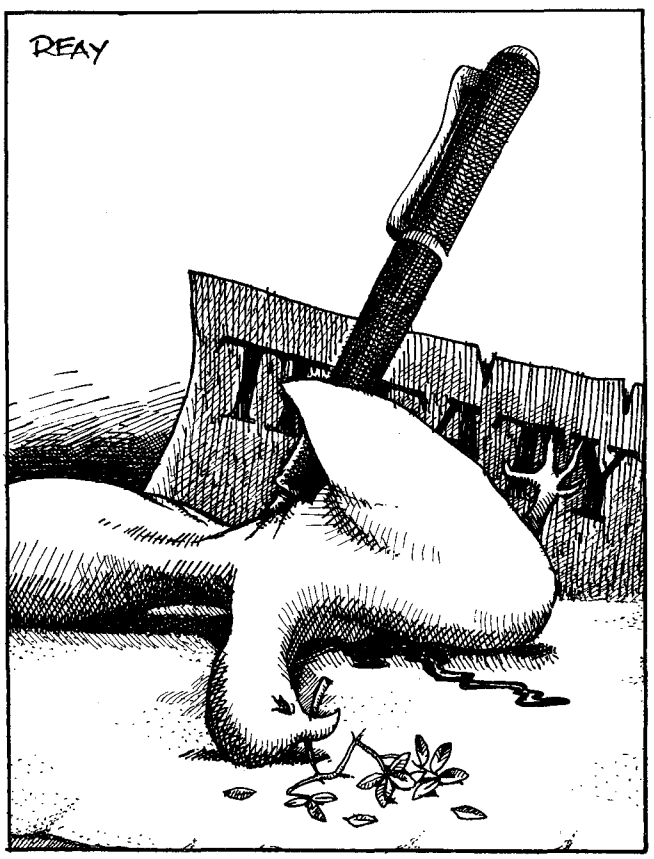
Even this was not enough for Tokyo, which was soon demanding "equality" with London and Washington. Owing to Japan's demands, plus rivalry between France and Italy, a new round of talks in Geneva in 1927 failed to reach limits for cruisers and destroyers.

In January 1930, the London Naval Conference opened. After four months the negotiators agreed to six-year limits on cruisers and submarines. Japan's position was strengthened to 70 per cent of the U.S. and British levels in cruisers and destroyers with "parity" in submarines. Capital-ship limits were reduced another 10 per cent. The U.S. and Britain were allowed 15 battleships each (down from the 33 and 43 the two powers respectively had in hand or under construction in 1921), and Japan was allowed nine. These limitations obviously worked to the advantage of the weaker industrial power. In the wake of the treaty, President Hoover proposed a cut of one-fourth to one-third in most U.S. Navy ship categories to help balance the budget.

Meanwhile, the Japanese liberals were on the way out. In 1934 Tokyo drew up an unlimited naval-construction plan centering on a new class of super-battleships, and gave the required two-year notice that it was abandoning the arms-control treaties. The Japanese Navy hoped to steal a five-year head start on the United States. By 1935, Japanese building had already passed the treaty limits. In January 1936 Admiral Nagano walked out of the new set of London talks, which had started the previous month. In response, the Roosevelt Administration increased shipbuilding, but most of the heavy units were not ready until after Pearl Harbor.

While some of the great powers wrestled with the concrete issues of naval armaments, the Kellogg-Briand Pact, a more ambitious effort to outlaw war itself, was concluded on August 27, 1928. The High Contracting Parties included the U.S., England, France, Germany, Italy, Japan, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Belgium, Ireland, Canada, South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, and India. The treaty was brief and simple; it renounced war "as an instrument of national policy" and pledged that solutions to "all disputes or conflicts of whatever nature or whatever origin . . . shall never be sought except by pacific means."



The original impulse behind this treaty was neither so simple nor so idealistic. French Foreign Minister Aristide Briand desired to draw the United States into his carefully engineered system of alliances surrounding Germany, but he realized that American isolationist sentiment would never allow an open alliance. Briand hit upon the idea of a Pact of Perpetual Friendship that would entail no active commitment, only a forswearing of hostility. He coupled his formal plan with an appeal to the American peace movement, and the movement responded with a well-organized campaign.

Briand's first setback came when Secretary of State Frank B. Kellogg offered a counter-proposal: not a bilateral pact, but a multilateral pact including Germany and as many other powers as possible. Briand did not want a multilateral pact, but having based his appeal on the cry for peace he could not retreat from the American offer. Outlawing war had been the central nostrum of peace movements everywhere. Even more than the naval limitations, it united all shades of isolationist, pacifist, and liberal opinion. Its simplicity was a guarantee of both its popularity and its ultimate failure.

Historian Robert H. Ferrell has written of Kellogg-Briand as an example of the problem of conducting a realistic foreign policy in a democracy:

> American diplomats were capable and serious men, well intentioned, as full of good will as the peace leaders and workers who bothered them. But they had to cope with a public opinion whose only virtue often was that it was public and opinionated. The strength, voice, and unintelligence of American public opinion during the Twenties forced the State Department into tortuous diplomatic maneuvering—necessitating even the grand proposal of a multilateral treaty against war.

The sort of thinking the Kellogg-Briand Pact revealed contributed in two different but converging ways to the fatal appeasement policies of the 1930s, which opened the door for aggression. First, Kellogg-Briand was read by some as mandating endless negotiations to settle disputes by pacific means. There was no limit to the concessions that might be granted to keep talks going and avoid action. Even after Imperial Japan and Fascist Italy left the 1935 London Naval Conference, the three democracies continued to talk and set limits among themselves. Then the fighting in Manchuria in 1931, the withdrawal of Germany and Japan from the League of Nations in 1933, the failure of the Geneva Disarmament Conference of 1932-34, the Japanese break with naval limits in 1934, and Hitler's 1935 rejection of the Versailles disarmament clause were taken by some as proof that diplomatic measures such as Kellogg-Briand were powerless to control military expansionism in foreign lands. This strengthened the isolationist and unilateral-disarmament camps in the peace movement. Our own policies, these groups insisted, should steer us away from war no matter what other states might choose to do.

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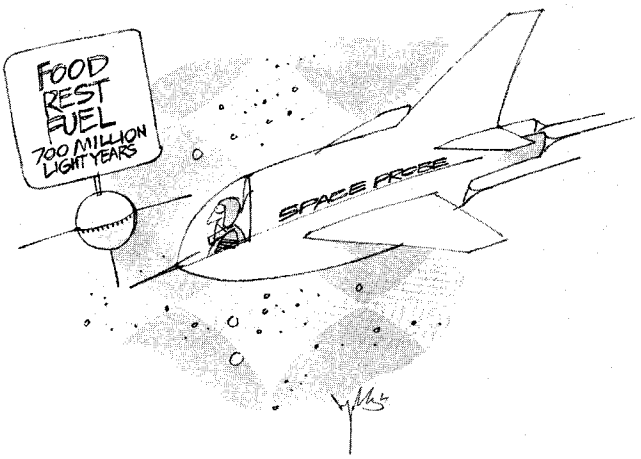
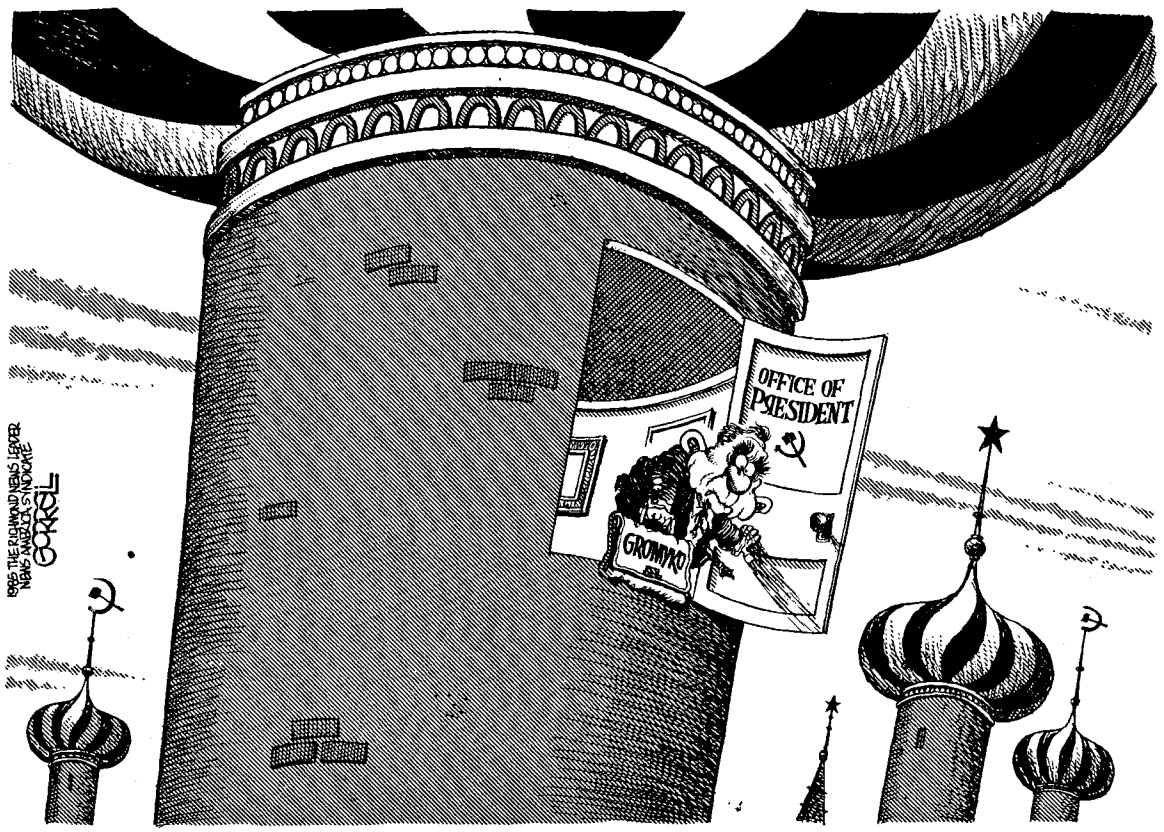
help !!!!



Back from the Brink

Unlike the lemmings, who don't blink
At plunging, lock-step, in the drink,
Or Hamelin's kids, who felt immune
Responding to the piper's tune,
The House gave *Contra* funds the nod,
Despite hurt looks from Mr. Dodd.

W. H. von Dreele



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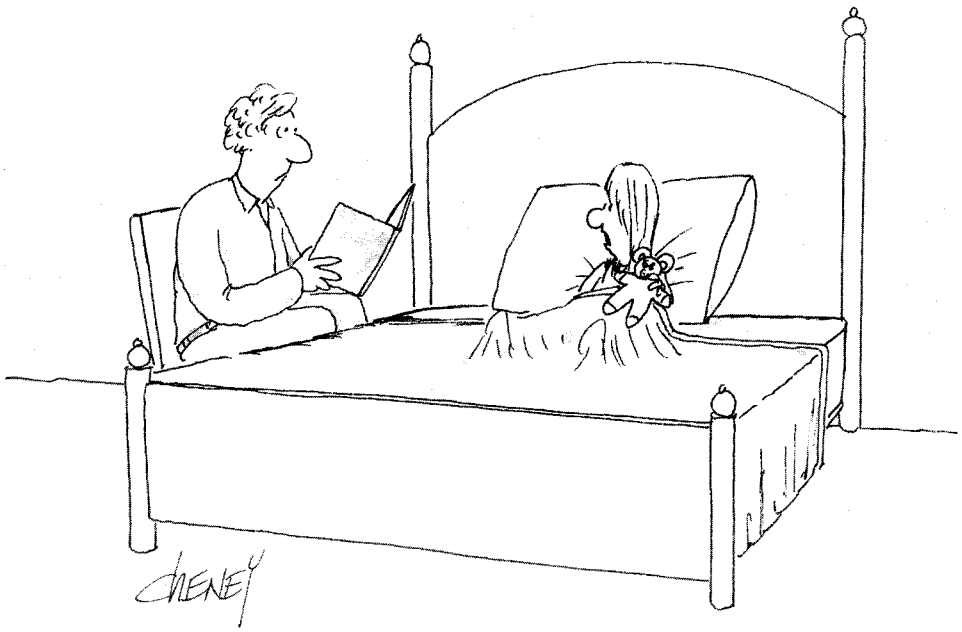

"Did the Three Little Pigs sue for damages or were they able to reach an out-of-court settlement?"

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The Western values of democracy, self-determination, and a peaceful world order were imposed on the liberated areas. But these ideals reached no further than American and British troops could march

A typical statement of this view comes from a letter Lord Allen of Hurtwood wrote to the *Manchester Guardian* in 1933:

> . . . our duty is to call for the disarmament of the old Allies and not to join the hue and cry against German rearmament. . . . Herr Hitler has declared his willingness for his country to abandon her own armaments if other nations do likewise.

In June 1935, England abandoned the Versailles ban on German naval rearmament by signing the Anglo-German Naval Agreement allowing Germany to build a fleet with 35 per cent of the tonnage of the Royal Navy (slightly more than was allowed France by the Washington/London system). Submarines were again permitted to the *Kriegsmarine*, an outright concession to German demands as laid down in a speech by Hitler on May 21, 1935. Hitler had also demanded parity in air power. But because Hitler couched his rearmament plans in the rhetoric of arms control (his goals were termed limits) he won the immediate support of the Trades Union Congress, the Labour Party National Executive, and the Fabian Society, all of which demanded that the Conservative government hold an immediate conference with Germany. France was enraged by London's unilateral concession, but was powerless to reverse it. The German Navy soon exceeded the limits established.

June 1935 was also the month that the results of the British Peace Ballot were released. Its organizer, Lord Cecil of Chelwood, known for his founding role in the League of Nations and his reduction of the Royal Navy, was backed by an impressive array of peace and church groups including the Anglican Archbishops of York and Canterbury, the Catholic Archbishop of Liverpool, and many leaders of the Non-Conformist Churches. The 11 million respondents to the poll (all registered voters) returned 10 to 1 margins in favor of "overall disarmament by international agreement" and the abolition of all military aircraft by treaty. Such results could not help but propel politicians toward continued disarmament and appeasement. By the time of the Munich crisis, the Versailles system was gone.

Australian historian Geoffrey Blainey, in his study *The Causes of War*, sums up the military side of the breakdown of the European order that led to World War II:

> As the victors at Versailles were the custodians of international morality, and as that morality rested on military superiority, it was vital that they should retain that superiority. They forgot that victory is mostly a wasting asset. They failed as custodians because, as if lulled by their own rhetoric, they continued to assert morality while they neglected armaments.

In the same way, the Western Allies were the custodians of international morality at the end of World War II. The Western values of democracy, self-determination, and a peaceful world order were imposed on the defeated Axis nations and restored to the liberated areas. But these ideals depended on military superiority. They reached no further than American and British troops could march. Wherever the Red Army ruled, a far different system was imposed.

The most dramatic symbol of Western superiority was the atomic bomb. When the Soviets tested their first hydrogen bomb, eclipsing that symbol, the counsel of those who had urged U.S. self-restraint in weapons development was temporarily devalued. But the voices of disarmament and arms control soon returned. Congress even established an internal lobby, the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency (ACDA), to counter those who were engaged in the traditional pursuit of national security.

There is no Soviet counterpart to the ACDA. However revolutionary Soviet rhetoric may be, in foreign policy the USSR is strictly within the ancient Realpolitik tradition of an imperial state. As Samuel P. Huntington has remarked,

> The Soviet Union and the Soviet system constitute the last of the major nineteenth-century empires. . . . Perhaps the most important historical function of the Bolshevik Revolution was to enable the Czarist empire to avoid the fate of its counterparts by providing it with a new ruthlessly effective leadership.

Diplomacy is governed by the "correlation of forces." Treaties last only as long as they serve the national interest. Thus the Soviets have violated most of their agreements. Though this is often cited as if it were a unique record of irresponsibility, in truth it is the standard practice of nations throughout history. It is the American view of treaties as matters of principle rather than convenience that is radical, based as it is on the assumption of a universally accepted system of values and interests on which international law can rest. There is, of course, no such system. As Laurence W. Beilenson reminds us in his classic study, *The Treaty Trap*:

> Wherever and whenever there have been political treaties, troubles to test them, and a strong interest in breaking them, the paper chains have severed. . . . Treaty-reliance has not been as constant as unreliability, but the disease has recurred so often that it can be classified as an occupational disease of statesmen.

In the modern era, as in earlier times, the most important components of national security have been deterrence and an active defense should deterrence fail. Arms-limitation agreements have not contributed significantly to security and in some cases have undermined it. This has been true especially of arms limitations divorced from wider political settlements and not linked to a prior reduction in tensions. It is time that the American public as well as its official representatives recognize how the world of international politics really works and support a return to the traditional methods of statecraft. □

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TELLER LOOKS TO THE FUTURE

EDWARD TELLER is a bit too modest to admit it, but he probably has been America's most influential defense scientist ever since World War II ended forty years ago. What he doesn't mind telling you is that he has a clear vision of where the world should be forty years from now and what armaments the U.S. needs to get us there.

The Budapest-born physicist, who turned 77 on January 15, helped build the first fission bomb, led the development of the thermonuclear fusion bomb, and founded the lab that designed most of America's postwar nuclear weapons. He's now a senior research fellow at Stanford University's Hoover Institution.

"I love my grandchildren," the deep, accented voice says as the eyes twinkle. "I want to be sure," he adds, eyebrows bristling and finger piercing the air, "that they will be able to live out their lives without facing the terrible choice between slavery and Armageddon."

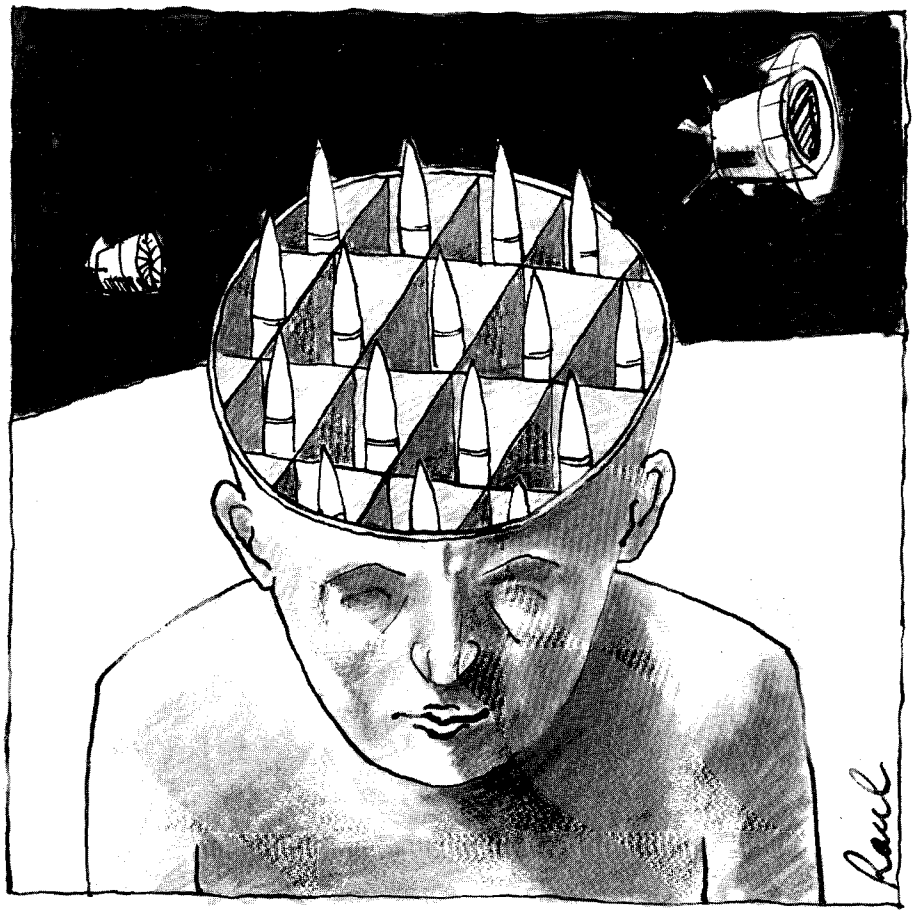
That choice is, Teller believes, the one presented to us by the policy of Mutual Assured Destruction (MAD), which relies on fear of retaliation to deter nuclear attack. Teller calls this policy "technologically obsolete and morally bankrupt." It would be "wrong to let the world continue under the constant threat of a nuclear sword of Damocles," he says, "when it is becoming technically possible to prevent war by other means."

MAD, the brainchild of Robert Strange McNamara, grew out of the concept of "massive retaliation," coined by Secretary of State John Foster Dulles in the Eisenhower years. It will not be completely undone in this century, Teller believes, but the U.S. defense community "should be moving now at full speed to replace the doomsday threat with a saner system."

In Teller's view, that saner system is the Strategic Defense Initiative (SDI), President Reagan's plan for high-tech weapons to neutralize enemy missiles. Reasonably effective and reasonably priced defensive systems "would deter Soviet planners from seriously considering a first strike," and this is what is "needed if we are to prevent World War III," Teller says. He adds: "Such defenses also would reduce the chance of global war by accident or miscalculation, would prevent Soviet atomic blackmail against the West, and would shield us from missiles of lesser powers or terrorists."

Rational discussion of the SDI has been rendered unnecessarily difficult by the confused and contradictory criticisms made by its opponents. For instance, Teller explains, the same people who say that the SDI would destabilize the balance of power say that "the weapons are technically impossible to create." SDI critics should decide which of these arguments they believe, for "it defies logic to make both statements."

To those who say it would be immoral to move the arms race into space, Teller replies that "intercontinental ballistic missiles [ICBMs] and observation satellites [obsats] already use space." Beside, he argues, isn't it "more moral to blow up a hostile warhead in space than to threaten to blow up an enemy city?" A somewhat more



Mr. Bothwell holds a BSFS in international affairs from the Georgetown University School of Foreign Service, and an MS in journalism from the Boston University School of Public Communication.

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plausible criticism is that a U.S. move to deploy such a defense might make the Soviets nervous enough to attack before the defense could be completed. But Teller counters by saying that the two superpowers would probably be engaged in ongoing talks as they proceeded with the more or less coordinated installation of their respective SDI systems.

Teller feels so strongly about the need for the SDI that he campaigned full time for Reagan in 1984, the first time he had ever given "so much time to a partisan cause." Indeed, he viewed the race as freedom's "last chance." Nevertheless, he believes the Reagan Administration "is not moving fast enough on the development of the SDI." What's really needed "is a top-priority SDI research and development drive, as intensive as the Manhattan Project."

Even among SDI advocates, Teller's views are controversial. He argues, for instance, that the most widely publicized SDI concepts, which include battle stations orbiting the earth, "are the least realistic." Contrary to the views of such SDI advocates as General Daniel Graham, Teller believes that an armada of such satellites would be both too expensive and too easy to counteract. He argues instead for more visionary but, he feels, more realistic plans involving "pop-up" weapons to be launched into orbit only when a missile attack is detected.

One such system would combine powerful ground-based lasers with pop-up mirrors launched into space at the last minute to redirect the ground-fired laser beams at enemy missiles. The observation satellites used to detect the attack would have to be stationed in orbit permanently, making them more vulnerable. But, Teller explains, they could be backed up by hard-to-detect "sleeper" satellites that would go into action only if the obsats were destroyed, and they in turn would be protected by orbiting decoys.

Teller is nervous about President Reagan's proposal to share SDI technology with the Soviets. He calls this "an important dream for a distant future," but insists that starting now to share with the Soviets would be intolerable because it would inform the Kremlin about holes in our defense.

He emphasizes, however, that we *must* share SDI technology with our allies. They are understandably worried that a time might come when the U.S. and the USSR would have SDI capabilities while they were still vulnerable to nuclear destruction. He also strongly believes that "we should declassify general information about SDI principles, so the American people may be better informed and so we may engage in more intelligent domestic and international dialogue. Up to now, basic information, already known to the Soviets, is classified and thus hidden from our citizens and our allies. The scientific principles should be declassified—but the engineering details, how the technology works, should be kept secret."

In a hard-line sort of way, Teller is an optimist. He argues, for example, that new types of nuclear weapons, as well as chemical and biological defenses, can be "developed and deployed by the United States to protect human life." The neutron bomb and other kinds of nuclear devices—some still on the drawing board—"can achieve military aims in war without wanton destruction of life. These weapons should be put in place to help deter war if possible, and to reduce war's toll if deterrence fails. For similar reasons, we should develop defenses to protect against the biological and chemical arsenals the Soviets now have."

In the same vein, he argues that we should seek treaties with the Soviets that would "render war, if it comes, less horrible." Why not recapture the nineteenth-century idea that international law can put constraints on wartime conduct? "For instance, we could agree not to blow up nuclear power plants [to curb radiation spread] and to limit megatonnage of individual weapons [to protect the ozone layer of the earth's atmosphere]." Already, without intergovernmental agreement, Teller has been taking part in Soviet-American scientific discussions of "nuclear winter," the theory that global climatic changes might be caused by a large-scale nuclear war.

Teller's main concern is that we should not let the fear of war deter us from building the arms we need to preserve peace in our time. "But there are things that can be done to try to combat the causes of war, to build bridges of understanding. Perhaps in my children's or grandchildren's lifetime?" □

Sonnet

"The notion of human generations embraces a reality with enormously complex entanglements in the structures of, and the unceasing interactive processes between, individual biological givens and the protean, far more volatile sociocultural realm, extending out into geographic space, into life-cycle trajectories, and into historical time."

—Leo Srole, PhD, and Anita Fischer, MA, from Archives of General Psychiatry, *1980, volume 37, page 217*

That kind of work thou may'st today behold,
When scholars 'pon their Underwoods do bang,
Does not compare with what was writ of old—
Bare empty talk, where late the sweet bards sang.
Today thou see'st the twilight of that time
When one could choose exactly what to say:
Without a grammar's traces on the mind
The galloping tongue now bears all sense away.
Today thou see'st the dying of that fire
Ignited minds gave forth to temper speech;
The light now dimming as those flames expire,
The floods of nonsense dousing all they reach.
Thoughtful persons know it to be true:
When language dies, the mind must perish too.

—Jonathan Swift Somers II

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JUSTICE WITH A SPIN ON IT

On August 10, 1984, John LaForge and Barb Katt walked into a Sperry Corporation plant in Eagan, Minnesota, a suburb of the Twin Cities, proceeded to an assembly room where Sperry builds computer prototypes for the Department of Defense, opened their briefcases, removed the hammers that were inside, and began to pound away. Before they were finished, they had destroyed three computer assemblies, two intended for use in nuclear submarines and one eventually to be installed in fighter aircraft.

LaForge and Katt were not ordinary vandals but peace activists protesting Sperry's manufacturing of military equipment. Before they were taken away, the two protestors distributed copies of "indictments" citing Sperry for crimes against humanity, and for good measure they poured blood over the electronic gear that they had destroyed. The following November, LaForge and Katt were found guilty of destroying property that was being manufactured for the government.

Thus far a typical episode in the American tradition of civil disobedience: Two conscientious objectors protest the law of the land, make their statement, and then are assigned punishment. Well, not quite. These protestors had the good fortune to be tried before U.S. District Court Judge Miles Lord, who for almost two decades has frequently aired and acted upon his opinion that Big Business is over-privileged and under-monitored.

LaForge and Katt were eligible for a maximum sentence of ten years in federal prison and a $10,000 fine. Judge Lord sentenced them to a half-year's probation, which meant they would not go to jail at all unless they broke the law during the next six months. This, given the nature of Minnesota winters, was unlikely. LaForge and Katt, who had been convicted in the past of acts of civil disobedience, would be able to finish probation just in time for the 1985 protest season, which begins in Minnesota with the May thaw.

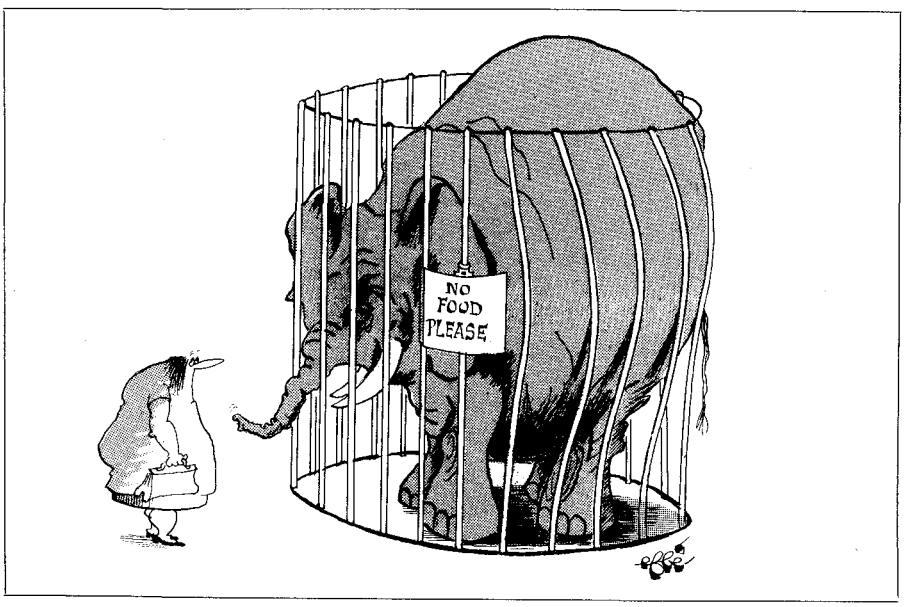
Why the compassion? The judge's explanation, given during sentencing: "As I ponder over the punishment to be meted out to these two people who were attempting to unbuild weapons of mass destruction, we must ask ourselves: Can it be that those of us who build weapons to kill are engaged in a more sanctified endeavor than those of us who would by their act attempt to counsel moderation . . . ? Why do we condemn and hang individual killers while extolling the virtues of warmongers?"

Ordinarily, any judge who was convinced that one party in a case before him was a "warmonger" should have disqualified himself as prejudiced. Not Judge Lord. Moreover, the judge has his facts wrong. Most workers in defense industries are not warmongers; they hate war, just like most other people. These are computer hackers that we are talking about—possibly the most unwarlike people in the world.

But here come de judge again: "The anomaly of this situation is that I am here called upon to punish two individuals . . . charged with having caused damage to the property of a corporation in the amount of $33,000. It is this self-same corporation which only a few months ago was brought before me having embezzled from the U.S. Government the sum of $3.6 million."

In the spring of 1984, Sperry was required to refund $325,000 to the Defense Department for overcharges on previous contracts. The original claim filed by the government was for $3.6 million. Sperry, as it was permitted to do under the law, protested the claim. In the end, the Department of Justice agreed that $3 million of the government's claim was essentially a disagreement over bookkeeping procedures.

But whether Sperry was right or wrong, the outrage was Judge Lord's implicit assumption that parties who have had some legal entanglement in



Mr. Berkowitz teaches political science at the University of Minnesota. He is currently a Guest Scholar at the Brookings Institution and is writing a book about arms control.

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the past deserve slightly less protection under the law. Muggers will be pleased to know that if Judge Lord has his way, they will be less guilty if their victims have had run-ins with, say, the IRS.

But this was not Judge Lord's only breakthrough in legal theory: "The inexorable pressure . . . from those who are . . . making a living and a profit from building military equipment and the pork-barreling that goes on in the halls of Congress to obtain more such contracts . . . will in the ultimate consume itself in an atomic holocaust. These same factors exert a powerful pressure upon a judge in my position to go along with the theory that there is something sacred about a bomb and that those who raise their voices or hands against it should be struck down as enemies of the people, no matter that in their hearts they feel and know that they are friends of the people."

One hardly knows where to begin. First, Judge Lord is charged with enforcing the law, not making national security policy or assessing the dangers of the nuclear-arms race. Second, what qualifies Judge Lord to decide who are the "friends of the people," and what does this have to do with the case, anyway? Third, what "powerful pressure"? Federal judges are appointed for life, precisely to protect them from such pressure. Fourth . . . oh, forget it.

In his conclusion, Miles Lord gave new meaning to the aphorism, Justice is blind. "It is difficult for me to equate the sentence I here give you—for destroying $33,000 worth of property—with that of those who stole $3.6 million worth of property and were not charged, demoted, or in any way punished . . . My conscience is clear."

Judge Lord leaves no question that he still wants to get even for the transgressions that Sperry purportedly committed in the past. If LaForge and Katt want to pitch in and make their contribution toward assessing Sperry, that's fine. So, $33,000 down, $3,567,000 to go. Any volunteers for the next demolition squad?

In May, Judge Lord announced that he might be retiring from the active bench this summer. That may not be an improvement. He would have the right to become a senior judge, with a reduced caseload (but at full salary), and he could then pick the types of cases he wished to hear. Alternatively, Lord has hinted that he might become an advocate for environmental-protection groups, which, under current federal law, might not prevent him from drawing his full salary of $76,000 per year for the rest of his life, with adjustments for inflation.

Miles Lord has been infuriating his critics with his blatant bias for years. Yet what is most bothersome about his rantings is that they suggest that he does not understand the tradition of civil disobedience, which he believes himself to be protecting.

In the good old days, those who chose the path of civil disobedience accepted their punishment. Thus Martin Luther King Jr. was able to write his famous letter from the Birmingham jail criticizing his fellow ministers for their lack of passion in protesting Jim Crow. In the good old days, people would see the protestor in jail and feel ashamed when they realized the protestor was right and the law was wrong. In the good old days, this shame would move people to change the laws.

Evidently, we are no longer in the good old days. □

The Great White Reagan

MIRACLE BROTHER STUDIOS ("If It's a Good Picture, It's a Miracle!"), ever trying to come up with a movie that will cash in on the phenomenal success of *Jaws* a few years ago, is now happily putting together a thriller about The Great White Reagan, who, far from choking to death after swallowing Carter and Mondale, is still hunting unwary Democrats in political waters.

The film begins during a political fish fry on the edge of the Potomac. A group of lighthearted Democrats are splashing about in water far over their heads because they think The Great White Reagan, considering its age, is finally all washed up even though it swallowed their last two presidential nominees.

But suddenly there's a churning frenzy, and one of the swimmers, Sweetbread Monroe, secretary of the National League of Young Democrats, disappears below the surface of the water with an anguished cry of "The Great White Reagan!"

And as the stunned Democrats gaze out over the Potomac they see cleaving silently through the river not far from shore an ominous mound of hair.

The chief of political police wants to issue an immediate warning to all Democrats, but the councilman of the district, a closet Republican, craftily screams, "What? And ruin our next voting season? That can't be The Reagan out there. It's too old to swallow anything but chicken, mashed potatoes, and peas, much less be battling the waves of political waters."

But the chief is not fooled. "Getting The Reagan," he says grimly, "is a job for that Great White Reagan hunter, Ken E. Dee."

Salty Dee sets out to sea in his Reagan Ruiner, the *Tip Oh Neil*, with a crew of one, All Hart. After days of searching, they finally sight the familiar hump of hair, and they're even more sure it's The Reagan because of its great, boyish, mobile grin, now in the shape of a jelly bean, which enlivens the plot.

Dee quickly lassos The Reagan's hair, and for a long time the boat is pulled by the still-grinning Reagan as Dee patiently waits for it to tire.

But one day in 1988—CRUNCH! And before their awed eyes, The Great White Reagan, leading with its awesome grin, which is now in the shape of a ballot box, whomps the *Tip Oh Neil* so hard that All Hart is knocked into the water and swallowed.

Dee is more careful, but it isn't long before he mutters, "It must be only the grin fairy," and, getting too close, is swallowed up too, disappearing through a grin that is now, in November 1988, in the shape of the White House.

MORAL: With The Reagan getting not only better but hungrier as it gets older, Democrats have even more to worry about in 1988, for although the Twenty-Second Amendment says the same President can't serve more than two terms, it's talking about a person.

—JOHN KEEFAUVER

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THE CRUSADES: TIME FOR ANOTHER?

Two of Christendom's favorite hymns, often used at services of Holy Communion, are "Jesus, Thou Joy of Loving Hearts" and "Jesus, King Most Wonderful." Both were written by the great medieval monk and theologian, Bernard of Clairvaux (1091-1153). Not many of those who sing Bernard's hymns know the name of their author, and even fewer know that he was the leading agitator behind the Second Crusade (1147-49). The thought might make them uncomfortable.

The Crusades do not enjoy a good press in the modern West—although the very existence of the modern West owes a great deal to them. Even among Christians the Crusades have a poor reputation. Of those bloody wars fought between 1096 and 1270, chiefly but not solely in the Holy Land, Jerry Falwell, for instance, has said that they were "bloody aberrations . . . in no way representative of Biblical Christianity." He even goes so far as to classify them with some of the far-out cults and the "Jim Jones tragedy" as "aberrations of Christianity." Many Christians share Reverend Falwell's distaste.

Yet even if the Crusades were not "representative of Biblical Christianity," they were certainly representative of Christendom, of what we call Christian civilization. They inspired and enrolled many of the best men and minds of their day, including the saintly King Louis IX of France (who died of illness in 1270 during the Eighth Crusade, the last of the true medieval Crusades).

In the long run, the Crusades were a disaster. The Christian Kingdom of Jerusalem, established in 1099, survived for barely a century. The Fourth Crusade, in 1202-04, captured not Jerusalem but Constantinople, until then the first city of Christendom and the capital of the millennial Byzantine Empire. The fall of Constantinople to Western Christians so weakened the Christian Byzantine Empire that it rapidly fell prey to the Turks and finally expired in 1453, opening the door of Europe to the Moslems, whom Byzantium had held off for eight hundred years.

The fact that the Crusades ultimately ended in failure was a setback to the prestige of the medieval papacy and indeed to the Christian Church as a whole. This is one reason why many of us who are Protestants would like to blame them on Catholicism and to act as though they were no concern of ours. And of course crusading was not justified by Biblical doctrine and is not part of the program of any serious Biblical Christian today. Nevertheless, the Crusades were a primary preoccupation of Christendom for two centuries, and Christians should not dismiss them out of hand or brush them off with blanket condemnation. It is just possible that the medieval Crusaders knew something about the region and culture they were invading that we have forgotten.

Dar al Islam

Many modern Christians reject the Crusades with horror, believing they were an attempt to make converts by force. In fact, they were an attempt to conquer the Holy Land—an attempt that was, for about a century, a complete and surprising success. The Crusades were provoked not by missionary zeal, but by religious repression of Christians in the Holy Land—residents and pilgrims—by their Moslem rulers. Should the Moslem Arabs once again take control of Israel and begin to persecute the Jews living there, would we be surprised to see world Jewry organize militarily to rescue them? In that light, the First Crusade, if not justified, is at least as defensible as many other wars waged by the nations of the world, Christian and non-Christian alike.

A second fundamental misunderstanding is the idea that the Crusades are responsible for current Moslem hostility to Christianity. Missionaries in Moslem lands often explain their meager success in these terms, and indeed, after Mehmet Ali Agca tried to kill Pope John Paul II, some extremist Moslem media defended his action on the ground that the Pope is the "King of the Crusaders" and a menace to Islam. There is no doubt that the Crusades—now more than seven hundred years in the past—furnish a pretext for Moslem hostility. But to say they are the *reason* for Moslem hostility is to betray a fundamental ignorance of more than a thousand years of Moslem history.

The Crusades were not the cause of Moslem aggressiveness, but a reaction to it. From the very first years of its existence, Islam has been a militaristic, aggressive religion. According to Moslem doctrine, the Moslem belongs to the *dar al Islam*, the house of Islam, while all infidels—including Christians and Jews—belong to the *dar al harb*, the house of war. It is the Moslem's duty to expand the house of Islam and to pare down the house of war. Islam conquered the richest and most populous parts of the Christian Roman Empire within a century of its founding by Mohammed in 622. The conquering Moslems were finally stopped at the gates of Constantinople in 678, but they penetrated in the West as far as northern France, where they were defeated by Charles Martel, the grandfather of Charlemagne, at Tours in 732.

The successful reconquest of Jerusalem by the Frankish Crusaders in 1099 shook the Moslem world, but it took less than a century for it to re-

Dr. Brown's most recent book is Heresies: The Image of Christ in the Mirror of Heresy and Orthodoxy from the Apostles to the Present *(Doubleday, 1984).*

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cover. In the East the march of conquest against Christendom was soon resumed. (In the West, the Spanish gradually expelled the Moslem Moors, but the liberation of Spain was not complete until 1492, almost four hundred years after the First Crusade.) The Turks captured Constantinople in 1453 and turned Christendom's greatest church, Hagia Sophia, into a mosque. They overran the Balkans and much of south-central Europe until they were finally stopped for the last time at Vienna in 1683. Not only the Greeks but all the Christian peoples of southeastern Europe have a vivid memory of the horror of Turkish Moslem rule.

Christian Resurgence?

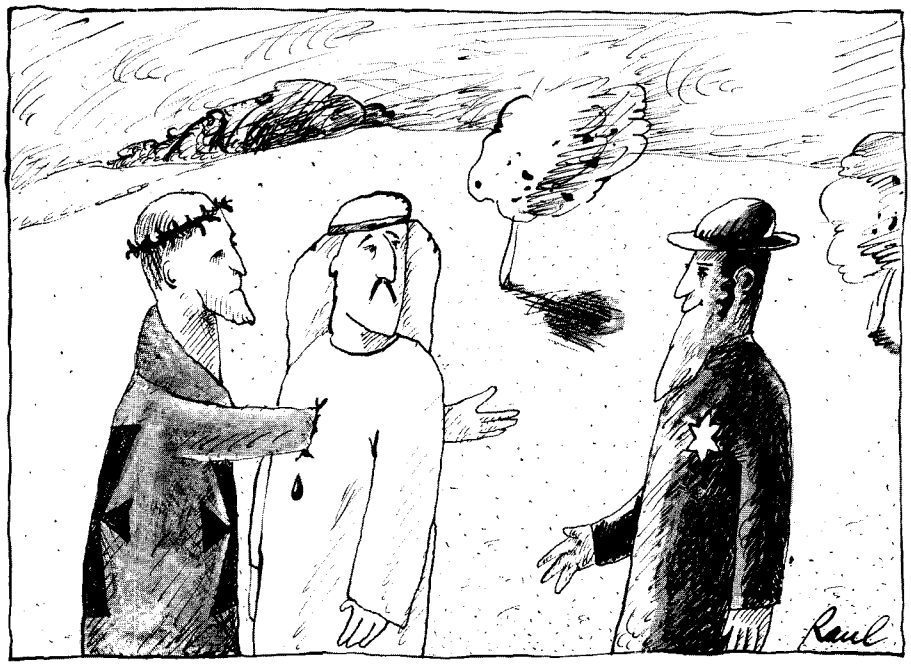
THE RISE of the European powers coincided with the protracted decline of the great Islamic nations. During the nineteenth century and the first half of the twentieth century, Islam was once again on the defensive. The greatest psychological shock, however, was delivered not by Christians but by Jews—the establishment of the State of Israel in 1948 and, even more forcibly, the "Jewish" reconquest of Old Jerusalem in 1967. (For almost all Moslems, it is the Jews, not the Israelis, who recaptured Jerusalem, just as the Pope is a Christian, not a Pole.)

It is true that the Moslems—as in the era of the Crusades—have now suffered almost two centuries of reversals at Christian hands. But this means that over the 1,360 years of Christian-Moslem history, the Moslems have been clearly on the defensive for only about four centuries. Four centuries of Christian resurgence do not explain nine and a half centuries of active aggression before, during, and after the centuries of Christian resurgence.

Very few Christians think of international politics in religious terms. The Christian West has produced more sympathy for the Moslems who were massacred during the Israeli invasion of Lebanon in 1982 than for all of the Lebanese Christians whose protracted suffering at Moslem hands was one of the reasons for that Israeli invasion. We do not think of Christendom as something that we should defend, much less expand.

The Moslems, however, *do* think of *dar al Islam*, the house of Islam, as something they intend to expand. The historic Crusades were in fact a long-delayed reaction to the Islamic *jihad*, or holy war. The *jihad* swept Christianity from North Africa and most of the Middle East, and threatened to sweep it from Europe as well. Christians today are not proud of the historic Crusades, nor should they be. But it is wise to remember that it took the crusading fervor, with all its faults, to stop and reverse the religiously motivated *military* expansion of Islam by means of the *jihad*.

Many serious Islamic authorities still believe in *jihad*. Indeed, the Islamic world is not only spiritually and morally capable of launching a fresh *jihad*, it is already in the process of doing so—on its own timetable, and by degrees, but a *jihad* nonetheless. The renewed Islamic advance against the Christian West may be said to date from the great oil embargo of 1973.



The Urbane Shah

MANY Westerners consider the Ayatollah Khomeini a crackpot and ignore his project of exporting his Islamic revolution. At the same time, we look on the oil crisis of 1973, which caused the economy of every Western, "Christian" nation to stagger, as basically a profit-making scheme. In reality, however, it was not the fanatical Ayatollah but the urbane Shah who launched the "oil weapon." And the Shah and the Ayatollah had their Islamic faith in common. Both of them were committed to reducing *us*, the *dar al harb*. And between them they have made a good start.

Israelis know that the threat of the *jihad* is not an idle one, the fancy of scholars in an ivory tower. Christendom, by contrast, does not feel threatened. It is, on paper at least, far richer and more powerful than the Islamic world. But Christendom has paid a high price in the past for underestimating Islam. In the seventh century, Christian Rome was far richer and stronger than Islam. It did not feel threatened either—at least not at first. The incredible ferocity of the Islamic attack, when it came, stunned and virtually overwhelmed Christendom. It barely escaped complete subjugation.

It would be folly to exaggerate the concept of a new *jihad*, or the threat that it poses. But it would be even greater folly to ignore it. For the Christian world today, unlike that of 1096, is hardly in spiritual shape to begin a fresh crusade.

While Christians no longer have much sympathy for the old Crusader mentality, it could be very important for us to understand it. Unless we can at least understand the Crusades—rather than simply dismissing them as "aberrations of Christianity"—we will not be able to understand the *jihad*, to which the Crusades were a reaction. And unless we understand the *jihad*, and begin to take it seriously—as seriously as we take the Communist world revolution—we may soon find ourselves at a point where nothing less than a crusade can help us. □

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ABROAD

HEADINGLEY *And Now Cricket*

The violence displayed by British football fans threatens to spill over to the highly decorous crowds who watch the normally placid game of cricket. The management of Lord's, the hallowed cricket ground in the center of London, has felt obliged to take security measures as a result of the events at a recent test match at Headingley. At the end of the game teenage fans stormed onto the pitch, as the playing premises are known, snatched up souvenirs, and proceeded to do battle with each other for their possession. Lord's has taken extraordinary measures: Warnings will be broadcast at half-hour intervals that infringements of the pitch will be answered with the expulsion of spectators from the field, and the crowds will be otherwise kept in order by fifty grass stewards backed up by police.

LA ROCHELLE *The Huguenots*

1985 is replete with famous tercentenaries. One of them is the three-hundredth anniversary of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, whereby Louis XIV expelled 200,000 Protestant Huguenots from the confines of France. They fled to Holland, England, and other parts of Europe, and many of them eventually made their way to America. The original Edict of Nantes had been promulgated almost one hundred years before by Henri IV, a Protestant prince who converted to Catholicism in order to become king ("Paris," he said, "is well worth a Mass"). In the ensuing century, diligent French Protestants, who were and remain mainstream Calvinists, prospered under the edict's guarantees of religious and civil liberty. They evolved into successful merchants and bankers and highly skilled artisans. Indeed, their prosperity made them a target, until finally Louis gave in to economic and religious pressure. This French Atlantic port was a center and symbol of French Protestantism, and the Huguenots carried its name with them to found the city of New Rochelle, outside New York City. Those who remained behind eventually recovered their liberties and influence in France, and today they represent an economic and political group of considerable importance.

MILAN *The Japanese Market*

The recent summit meeting of leaders of the European Economic Community dealt mainly with the question of revising the Treaty of Rome, which created the EEC. But there was also time for what has become a ritual protest at the penetration of European markets by Japanese goods without any hope of fair reciprocity for similar goods from Europe, because of what are politely called "non-tariff trade barriers." British complaints constitute a sample of the group's feeling. Member of Parliament Richard Hickmet, secretary of a parliamentary trade committee, calls it "hijacking" of markets by Japanese authorities. For example, there is the British beverage manufacturer whose drink as well as his bottle and its label was approved for Japanese consumption. At the last minute, the Japanese found something wrong with the glue that stuck the label to the bottle, and there was delay. Or take the pharmaceutical firm that was faced with filling out a Japanese import questionnaire of multiple pages before even a discussion of the product could be initiated. Hickmet adds that the leather, cosmetic, and electrical industries have suffered similar obstructions. There is even a legend going the rounds that a famous make of English bicycle had to be tested, prior to approval, by a Japanese gold-medal Olympic cyclist, only there was no such thing . . .

RABAT *Under Two Flags*

One of the world's little wars that drag on without much public notice is the struggle between Morocco and the Polisario Liberation Front for the territory recently baptized the Saharan Arab Democratic Republic, an almost totally barren piece of ground between Morocco and Mauritania in the northwest corner of Africa. Polisario guerrillas, backed by Algeria, and the Royal Moroccan forces have been fighting over this former Spanish colony since 1976. The issue ignited a meeting of the Organization of African Unity in Addis Ababa, leading to Morocco's resignation over recognition of the SADR by the OAU. The Saharans have had considerable diplomatic success in recent years, having been recognized by 56 countries, most of them in Africa but some of them among the Communist bloc of Eastern Europe. In the beginning, Polisario was able to make deep inroads against Moroccan troops in the disputed territory. More recently, the royal armies have built a defense wall enclosing the northwestern area that includes the phosphate mine of Bu Craa, now producing again, and the provincial capital of La'Youn, grown to be a brisk city of a hundred thousand. The war is costing up to $2 million a day, and Morocco is hard-pressed. Furthermore, King Hassan may be in trouble with the United States Congress the next time the question of our substantial aid to Morocco comes up, as a result of his alliance last fall with Libya's belligerently anti-American Colonel Qaddafi. However, the morale of the Moroccan troops is said to be relatively good, and they are well supplied with advanced American and French weapons. They keep the guerrillas at bay from behind the wall, over which officers, in a manner reminiscent of Foreign Legion movies, scan the desert horizons ceaselessly through binoculars for signs of the elusive enemy.

Langdon, *Punch* / Rothco

"Don't ever do that again."

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IN REAGAN'S DEFENSE

NATIONAL REVIEW's editorial on the Beirut hostage episode ["Perdicaris Alive, Raisuli Alive," July 26] begins with the grand old story of how Theodore Roosevelt rescued an American citizen named Ion Perdicaris from the clutches of a Moroccan bandit named Raisuli. Far from being resolved by Roosevelt's death threat against Raisuli, however, that imbroglio involved (as the editorial admits) "a long train of negotiations, much like those of the present day."

Nevertheless, having fortified itself with a draught of Roosevelt's tangy rhetoric (which, as the *Britannica* remarks, always contrasted notoriously with "his performance, [which was] usually tempered by expedience"), the editorial crisply characterizes Mr. Reagan's conduct thus far in the Beirut affair as "a series of blunders." On the contrary, the President's performance to date has been almost flawless, and there is every reason to expect that deadly retaliation, at times and places of our choosing, will now follow in due course.

Begin with the terrorists' demands. As reported from the plane itself, early in the crisis, these were: the release of 766 largely Shiite prisoners held in Israel; the release of 17 terrorists held in Kuwait in connection with the December 1983 bombings there; the release by Spain of two more Shiite terrorists on trial for attempted murder; an end to Arab oil sales to the West; the withdrawal of Arab money from Western banks; and a guarantee that there would be no retaliation for the hijacking.

By the time the hostages had been taken off the plane and handed over to the Amal Shiites led by Nabih Berri, all of these demands save two (those concerning the prisoners in Israel and the no-retaliation pledge) had been dropped. Berri attempted to add one other—a demand that U.S. naval vessels withdraw from Lebanese territorial waters; but since there were no such vessels *in* Lebanese territorial waters, this demand was in effect nugatory from the start.

The demand for the release of the 766 Shiites under Israeli detention was complicated by several factors. For one thing, 31 of these prisoners were ordered released by an Israeli court—and were in fact released—in the early days of the crisis. As for the remaining 735, Israel had publicly declared its intention to release them before the plane was even hijacked; but following through with this intention while the passengers were still being held hostage would obviously be open to the interpretation that the hijackers had forced the release. In the upshot, it was the hostages who were freed first, leaving Berri et al. to insist lamely that the subsequent phased release of the 735 was somehow a consequence of their actions.

As for the pledge of "no retaliation," Berri settled—apparently under heavy Syrian pressure—for the reiteration of a pious piece of presidential boilerplate reaffirming the United States' "longstanding support for the preservation of Lebanon, its government, its stability and security, and for the mitigation of the suffering of its people."

So much for any suggestion (and not even NATIONAL REVIEW's editorial quite dares make one) that Mr. Reagan knuckled under to the hijackers' demands.

What, then, was his alleged "series of blunders"? The editorial lists five miscellaneous and largely peripheral complaints: 1) The Administration for a time fed "an insatiable press with daily briefings"; 2) it ought to have declared an "immediate and total" boycott of the Athens and Beirut airports; 3) in saying at his press conference that by indulging in indiscriminate retaliation the United States would be behaving like the terrorists, Mr. Reagan "obliterated" a crucial distinction between the continuing legitimacy of a state and the inherent criminality of terrorists; 4) the Administration "hinted" that the Israelis were not wholly in the right regarding their 735 Shiite prisoners, which may have been true but was irrelevant, and saying it was "pusillanimous" because the problem was in Beirut, not Tel Aviv; and, finally, 5) by consenting to talk with "the odious Nabih Berri" and the Syrian government about the hostages at all, Mr. Reagan "skewed" "the moral spectrum."

NOTE, HOWEVER, that avoiding any one of these "blunders," or all of them together, would not have brought the hostages home an hour sooner, or on any better terms. On the contrary, they would probably still be in Shiite hands if we had tried to close the Beirut airport prematurely, or refused even to talk to Berri or Assad. And serious retaliation, of which their release was an important precondition, would therefore actually be further away.

The editorial in fact simply vents the authors' impatience, frustration, and exasperation: understandable sentiments certainly, but hardly excuses for railing at a President who has not yet placed a foot seriously wrong in this delicate matter.

Now the hostages are home, and the grim but gratifying business of retaliation—for Robert Stethem, and all else—lies ahead. As the editorial correctly noted, "No one, as we go to press, knows what President Reagan now plans to do about the outrages against American lives and property . . . What he decides to do next will be fateful both for his credibility vis-à-vis the waiting terrorists, and for the lives and security of Americans everywhere."

The editorial ought to have stopped right there. □

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GEORGE ARMSTRONG CUSTER, R I P

J. O. Tate

Son of the Morning Star: Custer and the Little Bighorn, by Evan S. Connell (North Point Press, 441 pp., $20)

TURNING A NOVELIST loose on Custer's Last Stand isn't a bad idea; and in fact Mr. Connell has cited Custer in the best known of his novels. In *Mrs. Bridge* (1959), that bilious account of the misery of middle-class existence in Kansas City, the character Grace Barron mentions "Custer's deliberate violation of the treaty of 1868" in an outburst that anticipates her suicide. In *Mr. Bridge* (1969), another bilious account of the misery of middle-class existence in Kansas City, we find "a reproduction of *Custer's Last Stand*" among a boy's predictable possessions. So the novelist's turning to a historical reconstruction of an American "myth" seems natural enough; but that novelist has brought with him, as he heads toward the Happy Hunting Grounds, all the ideological baggage of his fictions.

The novelist's instincts perhaps register best in the tension created by delay: Connell's account opens after Custer has dropped from sight. Some four hundred pages later, we confront Custer's remains and the conflicting evidence of his troops' behavior. Connell's best moments are bits of *petite histoire*. For example, Custer's favorite scout, Bloody Knife, found a sort of homecoming in death:

> By some accounts two young Unkpapa sisters were the first to see Bloody Knife's corpse. They did not know who he was, but from his clothing they knew he had been a scout for the soldiers. . . . So the girls cut off the bullet-smashed head of this middle-aged Ree and went back to camp with it swinging between them like a ball, each sister holding one of the dusty braids. In the village they mounted their trophy on a stick. . . . Among those adults in the Unkpapa village who remembered him was the mother of the two girls who brought back his head. Although the head must have been in poor shape, and she had not seen it for some time, she recognized it at once because Bloody Knife was her brother.

Another story shows Life at Home in the Seventh Cavalry:

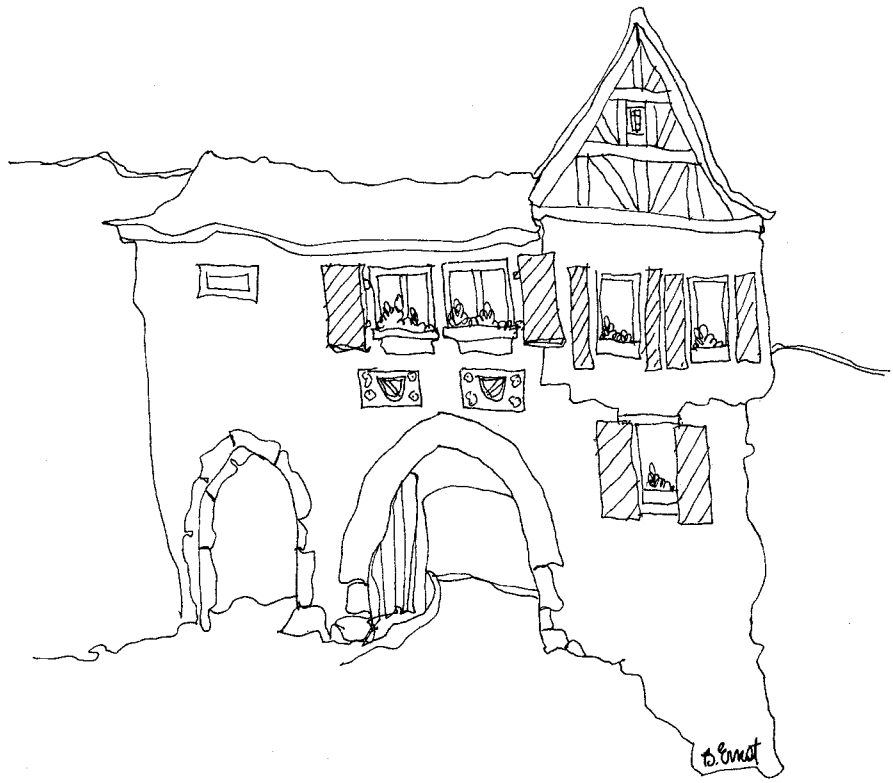
> Then there was Mrs. Nash, who joined the Seventh in Kentucky and followed the regiment north to Fort Lincoln. Invariably she wore a veil, or a shawl pinned beneath her chin, and she is described as being rather peculiar looking. . . .
>
> Her last husband was a private named Noonan. They lived together in obvious bliss on Suds Row east of the Fort Lincoln parade grounds, but while he was away on a scouting expedition she sickened and died. Just before graduating to a better world she asked her friends to bury her without the usual cleaning and dressing. They refused. . . . Lo and behold, when two of them set about this mournful task they perceived that the much-married laundress, seamstress, nurse, baker of delicious pies, and popular midwife was not female.

"Her" widower found it necessary to commit suicide. But even such points as these can't support the lengthy "narrative" that rests on awkward or nonexistent transitions, on an intransigent incoherence, and on an absolute right of digression.

The author relies often on one-sentence paragraphs.

What's worse, if possible, are repeated instances of "presentism," presumptuous interruptions, and unwelcome anachronisms. Mr. Connell's flounderings do not a method make; nor do they cohere into a point of view.

Connell's obsessive debunking, though inconsistent, leads him from gossip to



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speculation to smear. He makes sure that we know of the allegation that Custer had liaisons with black and red women; and then he goes so far as to argue with himself about his own niggling:

> . . . Fort Sill medical records show that during January and February of 1869 a number of Seventh Cavalry officers took the mercury cure for venereal disease. Among those visiting the clinic, it has been alleged, were the general and his brother Tom. This is possible, although there seems to be no documentary evidence. In 1977 the available records were studied by Dr. D. E. Beckman, who found nothing to indicate that either of the Custers was infected. Elizabeth and the general wanted to have children but never did, which might be explained if she had contracted gonorrhea from him. Other explanations, of course, may be just as plausible.

At this rate, the Tooth Fairy might have gonorrhea also. But such sex stuff doesn't hypnotize the author as much as the lascivious languor of his recounting of mutilations. Scalpings, decapitations, castrations, etc. are the emotional center of this book, which will please those who have a hankering for gore.

The book will not please those in search of good sense. Analogies between white/red relationships and Nazi/Jewish ones, and between the Indian wars and the Vietnam War, are complex insults as well as misleading constructions. But such absurdities aren't singular. One paragraph reads, "Sitting Bull mobbed by fans while wearing green wire goggles. It sounds like Hollywood." For Connell, Grant's consultation with officials must foreshadow Watergate: "We have no tapes of that meeting, but soon afterward the Army was instructed to let prospectors do as they pleased." I for one would like to know why soldiers shouldn't, during Victoria's reign, comport themselves in a way that is "straight from the pages of a Victorian adventure book." And the slaughter of Indian mounts after the fight on the Washita is a pretext for pretentious poetry: "Even with extra men it took some time because there were about eight hundred ponies and mules, and when the job was done the snowy Oklahoma field bloomed with dark flowers." Chief Stuffed Owl sing song like e. e. cummings.

Connell's Custer, despite all the digressive details, exists out of context. The author has no sense of military culture or romantic tradition. Connell refers to Custer's Civil War career, but doesn't explain its meaning. He has nothing to say about those cognate words, *chivalry*, *cavalier*, and *cavalry*, or about the history of cavalry—Custer didn't admire Murat for nothing. This Custer's affectation of drop-dead uniforms wasn't so freakish after all, as the unexplored examples of other Civil War cavalry leaders, such as John Hunt Morgan, J. O. Shelby, and Joe Wheeler, would have shown. Custer's cultivation of a military band is presented as odd, but J. E. B. Stuart had Sam Sweeney as his sidekick because of the latter's banjo. Actually, neither Stuart nor Custer should be thought of as "the last cavalier." Someone who knew military history might reserve that sobriquet for General Baron Piotr Nikolayevich Wrangel, who—as Richard Luckett has written—"deliberately played up to the romantic image of the Cossack, dressing as one himself, and encouraging the traditional features of Cossack dress. His officers and men carried elaborate daggers; the horses were often splendidly accoutered; pennoncels flared on the wind." Wrangel, "the Black Baron," used charging cavalry successfully at Tsaritsyn, June 29, 1919, during the Russian Civil War. Or someone might hold forth on the mammoth collision of Austrian and Russian cavalry at Jaroslavice, August 21, 1914. Someone might point out that Baron von Richthofen transferred from the cavalry to the air corps. But such reflections might actually connect with societal structures and values and be meaningful.

That would never do for an author who asks his readers, apropos of Custer, "What is one expected to make of such a paradoxical figure?" If one question deserves another, then: "What are you asking *me* for? *You're* the one who's supposed to be writing this thing."

Befuddled on every side by the obvious, Mr. Connell "feels obligated to ask why." *Son of the Morning Star* makes me feel obligated to ask why Gregory J. W. Urwin's *Custer Victorious: The Civil War Battles of General George Armstrong Custer* is not at least cited in the substantial but incomplete bibliography; obligated to ask why there are no footnotes; obligated to ask why there is no evidence of editing; and obligated to ask why this tome—Connell's Last Stand—has achieved best-seller status. This do-it-yourself kit will appeal to those who think confusion is a narrative strategy, and to those who believe that "When Sitting Bull gave up his rifle, he surrendered the only god ever known to America." Others will prefer Errol Flynn's version of Custer, in *They Died with Their Boots On*; or Ronald Reagan's in *Santa Fe Trail.* □

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FIRST DRAFTS

Gary Maloney

The Quest for the Presidency, by Peter Goldman and Tony Fuller (Bantam, 468 pp., $17.95)

Wake Us When It's Over: Presidential Politics of 1984, by Jack W. Germond and Jules Witcover (Macmillan, 567 pp., $19.95)

Campaign Journal: The Political Events of 1983-84, by Elizabeth Drew (Macmillan, 783 pp., $24.95)

NOT LONG AGO, the politically inquisitive reader could look forward to the Authoritative Version of each election, produced quadrennially by Theodore H. White. Alas, we are no longer *Making* our Presidents; they come to us through *Blue Smoke and Mirrors*, after a *Marathon* campaign, and only then do we learn whether it was a *Hidden Election*, or *An American Melodrama*, or even a *Crisis*.

These three volumes, the first comprehensive histories of the 1984 election, all lack White's clear vision and longer view. The *Making of the President* series gave us context, that rare commodity which turns reporting into thoughtful analysis—the difference between mere fact and truth.

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RANDOM NOTES

☐ LEFT OVER FROM JULY: In *Klass: How Russians Really Live* (St. Martin's, $16.95), David K. Willis reports on the various classes composing the "classless society," the dominant one being the "rising class" of upper bourgeois, which by managing to corner all kinds of goods in a society marked by shortages of nearly everything has started a consumer boom of sorts.

Oral Roberts: An American Life (Indiana, $24.95 to December 31; $29.95 thereafter), by David Edwin Harrell Jr., professor of history at the University of Arkansas, is the first major biography of the Pentecostalist and faith healer, and it throws much light on the culture of evangelical America.

☐ MORE AUGUST TITLES: In *Kennedy in Vietnam: American Vietnam Policy, 1960-1963* (Scribner's, $15.95), William J. Rust and the editors of U.S. News Books quote the late President as complaining, "This is impossible. We can't run a policy when there are such divergent views on the same set of facts," and speculate that Kennedy, had he lived, might have negotiated an American withdrawal.

With the publication of *Outrageous Fortune: The Tragedy of Leopold III of the Belgians 1901-1941* (Secker & Warburg/David & Charles, $32), Roger Keyes—son of Admiral of the Fleet Lord Keyes, who served as Churchill's special liaison officer to Leopold III—presents volume one of a two-part biography in which he seeks to vindicate the king of charges of betrayal made against him by French premier Paul Reynaud and Churchill himself, contending that at the very least he managed to buy time in 1940 for the badly prepared Allies.

☐ COMING IN SEPTEMBER: *Hitler: Memoirs of a Confidant* (Yale, $29.95), by Otto Wagener, edited by Henry Ashby Turner Jr. and translated by Ruth Hein, is an interesting and well-edited memoir, reduced from its original 2,300 pages written when the author was a POW in 1946. Wagener, a German economist who first met Hitler at the 1929 Nazi Party Congress, served the Führer as an economic and political advisor during his rise to power. —CW

Not that 1984's early literary returns are without merit. Here readers will find many answers to the puzzles of Gary Hartpence, Walter the Whiner, Chairman Jesse, and those remarkable Republicans.

The last (and least) shall be first, and Elizabeth Drew's *Campaign Journal* is certainly that—an expensive and expansive shrine to her unremarkable and interminable *New Yorker* dispatches. Mrs. Drew manages to consume 750-plus pages while making *no* reference to a pivotal figure like Ed Rollins, the President's campaign director. Her quotes are too often unattributed; virtually half of each dispatch is spent lovingly describing Democratic programs or tearing apart Republican rhetoric.

And yet, there is a certain kick for conservatives in watching a liberal mind implode under Reagan's political assault. And who but Elizabeth Drew would spend hours interviewing Mondale and Hart functionaries on how the campaign "feels" on a given day?

Jack Germond and Jules Witcover are no less liberal than Mrs. Drew, but they can differentiate between polemics and reporting. (Witcover's *Marathon* remains the definitive account of the 1976 race.) *Wake Us When It's Over* reflects their disdain for the 1984 campaign—and its outcome—but there's plenty of meat for the casual reader and the political junkie alike.

Wake Us is best when weaving the complicated web of the Democratic primaries. Correctly, the authors refer to key TV news stories as milestones in the process; too often, the "echo chamber" effect is overlooked in political analysis. The "expectations game" worked by Mondale, Glenn, and Hart —and how it undid each of their campaigns—is dissected thoroughly.

But, as its title implies, *Wake Us When It's Over* contains more than its share of vitriol. "It was a campaign with few heroes, and many villains—the process itself, the politicians, the press, and, finally, the people," Germond and Witcover conclude. As with many reporters of the Kennedy-Nixon eras, who are now reaching their analytical menopause, they blame the voters for allowing Reagan to win two crushing victories. The one-liner that "won" the second debate, on October 21, thus becomes the "turning point" of the election. The authors are incapable of accepting the legitimacy of Reagan's mandate for conservatism and the Right's key role in shaping the Emerging Republican Majority; their crabbed view of the American people, and the process by which they chose Ronald Reagan, remains unredeemed by their fine reporting.

The Quest for the Presidency 1984 examines the intricacies of political strategy underlying the Reagan, Mondale, and Hart candidacies. Here the reader will learn of Richard Nixon's deep-background role in Reagan-Bush strategizing—and, as an added bonus, can examine Nixon's own memos and letters. For historians, *Quest*'s publishing of 82 pages' worth of campaign documents in their original form makes it thoroughly indispensable. But the book is hardly a work of dry scholarship; rather it is an oasis of delicious storytelling in the desert of political writing.

Goldman and Fuller come up with some real gems, such as their description of Reagan aide Ken Khachigian's "Groucho Marxist mustache," and the following explication of Pat Caddell's apocalyptic post-election vision:

> . . . The Democrats were like that, Caddell argued bluntly. They were acting on instinct, like animals instead of rational beings . . . as delusional as medieval Europe in the path of the Mongol hordes. . . .
>
> We're all going to die, but I'll preserve my status; the motive force of the party of Roosevelt and Kennedy had come down to that.

Goldman and Fuller received sterling support from the five *Newsweek* reporters whose work provided the basis for *Quest*. And while their account of the Democratic scramble is excellent, their coverage of the Republican campaign is definitive. (See especially the concept of a GOP "electoral fortress," a term soon to enter the nation's political vocabulary.)

Every election has its champs and its chumps. Judging from these first drafts of history, Democrat Pat Caddell and Republican Lee Atwater have established themselves as the premier young strategists in national politics today—titans certain to meet on many future electoral battlefields. Meanwhile, Gary Hart, the comet of early 1984, dims considerably in retrospect. An emptiness of character and a marked inability to confront problems—traits hinted at during the campaign—emerge full-blown in these accounts. Jim Johnson, a colorless Mondale aide, fares poorly next to Bob Beckel, the liveliest player in the dreary Mondale effort. As for Geraldine Ferraro, judgment curiously seems suspended; she declined requests for post-election interviews because of her own lucrative book deal.

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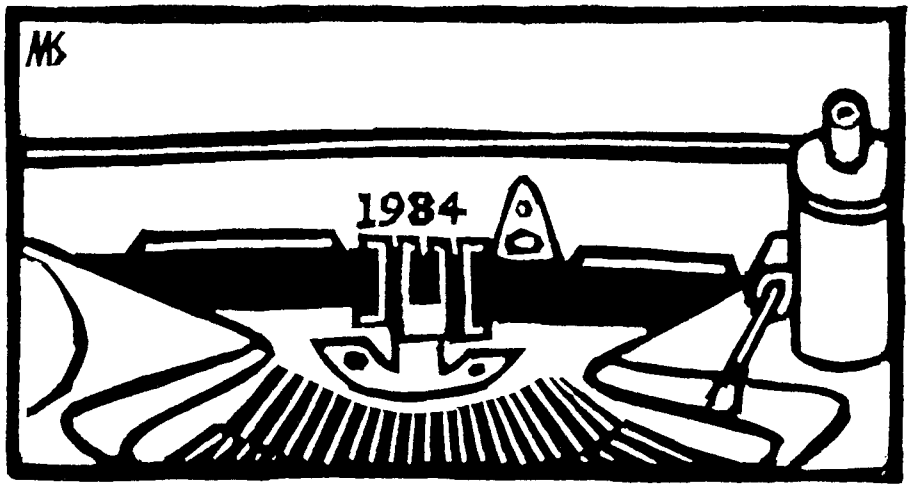

Curiously missing from these accounts is Ronald Reagan's view of 1984 as history—and here is where a *Making of the President* volume would be needed to fill the gap. Reagan has no Boswell, the role Teddy White played for Kennedy, Johnson, and Nixon. Given the magnitude of his impact on American political history—the apparent realignment of ideology and party—one expects that the President might have a few insights worthy of our consideration. □

A DANGEROUS MAN

Joseph Sobran

Raymond Chandler's Unknown Thriller: The Screenplay of Playback, by Raymond Chandler (Mysterious Press, 168 pp., $15.95)

THE FIRST LINE I ever read by Raymond Chandler made me want to read everything else he wrote: "It was a blonde. A blonde to make a bishop kick a hole in a stained-glass window."

That struck me as an ultimate in side-of-the-mouth detective-story wit, and I went looking for more of it. Even Chandler never matched it—he wasn't P. G. Wodehouse—but he turned out to be wonderful anyway. He took detective fiction seriously, the way Ted Williams took the challenge of hitting a flying sphere with a cylinder seriously, except that Chandler batted about .900.

He despised the old brain-teaser detective fiction exemplified by Agatha Christie: The artifice of it repelled him. Dashiell Hammett was his master, and in his manifesto, "The Simple Art of Murder," he insisted that murder in art should imitate murder in life, with messiness and loose ends and no false symmetries of suspicion.

It's a matter of taste, and if I were in traction for six months I think I'd rather have all of Agatha Christie than an equal number of the hard-boiled boys. She took her craft seriously too. What sets Chandler apart is that he had the rare gift of putting a voice on a page. The stories are good, but they might be throwaway fiction if Philip Marlowe didn't tell them.

The quality of the Marlowe stories can be suggested by imagining George Orwell solving murders, at physical risk to himself, and then writing about them. You would read not only because murder is interesting but even more because the narrator's reactions would be interesting. Marlowe doubles the reader's absorption in the events of the story. He tells what he experiences in a level tone that never obscures or upstages the events themselves, and he reveals himself mostly in what he notices. His emotional reserve is not so much hard-boiledness as economy of self-revelation.

The impact of Marlowe's character is a tribute to the power of the tacit. Chesterton says that Balzac's morality consists less in what he explains than in what he forgets to explain; Marlowe's morality is expressed less in his moments of anger than in his casual observations and wisecracks: He has been around, and he discerns what people are up to. You wouldn't want him watching you if you were up to no good. Half the fascination of reading him is that he moves into dangerous zones; the other half is that he is a dangerous man.

Chandler himself was a lecherous drunk, but he also had a keen and merciless eye that enabled him to give Marlowe, a low-paid private op, moral authority, a sort of democratic cynicism that sandbags his social superiors, including his own clients. "I'm afraid I don't care for your manner," one of them says icily.

"I've had complaints about it," Marlowe replies, "but nothing seems to help."

During the Forties Chandler went to Hollywood and wrote highly regarded screenplays for such films as *The Blue Dahlia* and *Double Indemnity*. At Universal-International he also wrote one called *Playback*, which was never produced. The manuscript was mislaid and forgotten; Chandler later took the central situation and turned it into a Marlowe novel, the last one, also called *Playback* (1958).

The screenplay has been rediscovered, and here it is in book form. So we have a literary lab experiment: the same story (more or less) with and without Philip Marlowe.

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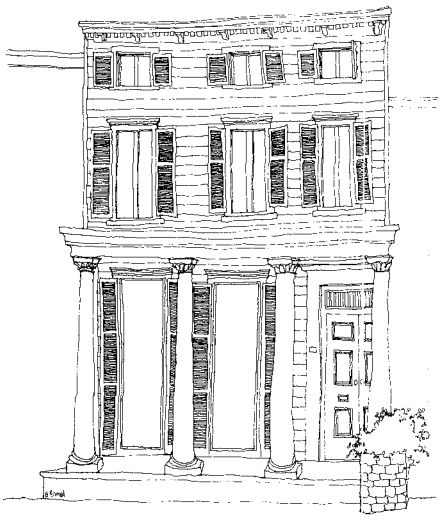
and tries to blackmail her. He turns up dead in her hotel room, murdered. What makes it especially thick for her is that she has been running away from another murder charge, though one on which she got a technical acquittal in court. (We learn this early in the screenplay, later in the Marlowe version.)

The screenplay distributes the Marlowe role between two men who try to befriend Betty. One is a police detective torn between love and duty as his superiors pressure him to arrest the obvious suspect. The other is a man-about-town who arranges her escape and takes the physical beating that would ordinarily have been Marlowe's lot.

You miss Marlowe, but then he never was the same presence in movies as in the books, even though he was well played by Dick Powell, Humphrey Bogart, Robert Montgomery, and Robert Mitchum. Marlowe is more important as narrator than as hero, and movies are told in the third person. One of the Marlowe movies, *The Lady in the Lake*, tried to get the first-person effect by letting the camera stand for Marlowe, with the other characters talking directly at it; Marlowe (played by Montgomery) appeared mostly in mirrors. It was silly, especially when the heroine moved in for a kiss, and it gave Marlowe less presence, not more, since you only knew his reactions from his voice.

As a movie, *Playback* benefits from his absence. There are a dozen well-drawn characters, and the sharp dialogue is fully up to snuff. You get to see things not available to a first-person narration, and your sympathies are divided with great cunning on Chandler's part. The plot takes a terrific twist at the end that wouldn't have come off nearly so well if Marlowe were telling it. So this isn't a Marlowe story minus Marlowe; it's an essentially different sort of thing. Chandler made the most of the change of genre.

Universal paid Chandler $4,000 a week, but couldn't afford to produce *Playback* and decided to take a tax write-off for his salary instead. He went back to writing novels, though he had a last unhappy pop at screenwriting: Alfred Hitchcock's *Strangers on a Train*. He didn't like Hitchcock, who changed his work and, he thought, treated him shabbily, though the movie turned out fine.



It would be nice to see *Playback* filmed, but it probably won't happen. The story already belongs to the past, and it wasn't meant to be a period piece. Witty characters meeting at a Vancouver hotel, and keeping their clothes on, yet; a serious situation developing, but without much violence (not a single body hurtles from a twentieth-floor window)—there's something too quaint about it all.

Not that it matters much. Chandler is like Arthur Conan Doyle (whom he didn't have much use for) in that though he had professional skill to burn, his real appeal lies in a single great character he was able to reproduce again and again. Doyle disliked Sherlock Holmes and tried to kill him; but Chandler was always happy with Marlowe, through whom he expressed the better side of himself. Even his letters sound like Marlowe. It's always good to hear from him. □

FICTION

WILLIAM KENNEDY COMES OF AGE

Loxley F. Nichols

In *The Ink Truck* a character's altered circumstances are accompanied by a new, if incongruous, image, and the phenomenon is described as a "sartorial mutation." References to tailoring and its reciprocal power to "create" the man typify William Kennedy's writing and imply a literal translation of Buffon's dictum, "The style is the man himself." Yet the phrase might also apply metaphorically to Kennedy's development as a writer. This 57-year-old author, professor, and former newspaperman, who has a National Book Critics Circle Award, a Pulitzer, and a generous grant from the MacArthur Foundation to his credit, was virtually unknown until a few years ago. Kennedy had to wait for success; an examination of his five books reveals a talent that showed promise early, but matured late. He served his apprenticeship with his first three novels, emerging as a craftsman only with his fourth book, *Ironweed*, for which he received the 1984 Pulitzer Prize for Literature.

The Ink Truck, Kennedy's most atypical work, contains many of the elements that later became his trademark. In this first novel we are introduced, obliquely, to Albany, New York, and are initiated into a predominantly Irish(-American) world of unsuspected heroes, lost causes, and errant pookas. Here we see Kennedy's first attempts to re-establish twentieth-century man as a social being, inclined to congregate in coffeehouses and taverns. And through an outrageous protagonist we become aware of Kennedy's understanding of character as an attribute of style, and the relevance of articles of clothing as extensions of one's anatomy, as means of self-creation, as signs of kinetic existence:

> Bailey and his cossack hat and green muffler; Rosenthal and his cape and Tyrolean feather. This is me, the image said back from the mirror. . . . Rosenthal said it was how he fended off the malefic cent forces, a flower in the seedy lapel of the spirit: No matter what they take away from me, I've still got a little class. But in himself Bailey saw that plus something else, something that said: I'm one hell of a unique event in this world. Anybody can see that from my image. That's why I do what I do. That's why, right or wrong, half-scared, heroic or cowardly, I'm me. What I do is right.

Such sentiments of self-affirmation abound in one form or another throughout Kennedy's work, but they engage his undivided attention in his second novel, *Legs*, a fictional account of nonfictional gangster Jack (Legs) Diamond. In his effort to evoke the spirit of the arch-criminal, Kennedy depicts a murdered Diamond doubting his own mortality. And indeed in death Diamond does not stop being, he merely undergoes a "sartorial mutation" of sorts

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and "goes away," pulled sluggishly by an oversoul that seems to have come "on little cat feet":

> The motion of the light was perceptible. It swirled around Jack's neck like a muffler, rose up past his eyes and hairline like a tornado in crescendo, spun round his entire head with what was obviously a potentially dazzling ferocity, reduced in effect now by the horrendous life-tone of Jack Diamond. It was obvious to everyone that given propitious conditions it could centripetally slurp the entire spirit of Jack into the vortex and make off with it forever; but now it moved only like a bit of fog on a sunny morning coiled by a frolicsome breeze, then gone, with not enough force to slurp up a toupee.

The image of the funnel, manifested by the recurring Kennedy muffler, aptly describes the exploration of self that transpires in the course of Kennedy's work. This movement inward is especially apparent in the use of his hometown, Albany. In staking out the dimensions of his fictional world by limiting it to a literal, familiar place, Kennedy gains freedom through restriction. For this second novel, Albany not only gives Kennedy place, but it also gives him subject, and through subject he acquires time, the 1930s, a period to which he has adhered in his last two novels. By using Albany, a place already created, and Diamond, a story already told, Kennedy is relieved of the burden of certain rudimentary aspects of invention and is free to concentrate on redefining preconditioned responses to known stimuli.

In *Legs*, however, Kennedy's goal is greater than his accomplishment. Jack Diamond takes three pages to die, and during those three pages he is more alive than in the preceding three hundred. The story is encumbered and finally collapses under a weight of inconsequential details and innumerable dimly defined characters. Perhaps Kennedy asks too much from the historical figure, or maybe he is too intent on objectifying the cool distance of a ruthless killer. Whatever the mechanical malfunction, the effect is that Diamond never captivates the reader the way Kennedy means for him to.

Written when Kennedy was fifty years old, *Billy Phelan's Greatest Game* marks a transition. In *Legs* a single character acts upon and thus creates Albany, whereas in this third novel the place itself molds and ultimately identifies the characters. As in *Legs* its plot is built on an excerpt of Albany's history, but here the nonfictional element provides context rather than focus, and instead of one central figure there are two. Billy Phelan, a "kid" of thirty, a gambler and a sport, single and untested, is balanced against Martin Daugherty, a fifty-year-old newspaperman, a husband and father, a man weighted with responsibility.

While *Legs* is often murky, meandering, and gruesome, *Billy Phelan* is lucid, controlled, and humorous. Who can forget "A holdup man in shiny rubbers with large tongues that protected his shoelaces from the damp night"? Who can resist "Billy, you're a goddamned patent-leather wonder"? Kennedy's grasp of the male world of pool halls and bowling alleys, so apparent in this novel, seems only natural considering what he afterward wrote about an early sojourn away from Albany: "I was incapable of writing a transient's novel about Puerto Rico . . . I cared more about the shape of the ball returns in the Knights of Columbus alleys in Albany. For I remembered those ball returns. They were artifacts out of a significant past." Kennedy's ability to compose vivid portraits and taut, witty dialogue does not extend to female characters, however. Billy's assignation with his girlfriend is off-key, trite. The love scene between Martin and his father's former mistress with its contrived echoes of Baudelaire ("Hypocrite! Lecher! My Boy!") is only slightly more successful. Also, while Billy cuts a flashier figure, Martin, who has the greater potential for sustaining our interest, suffers from the divided attention.

This dichotomy of focus is resolved in *Ironweed*, a book devoted to Billy's hobo father, Francis, who in 1938 is approximately the same age as the author in 1983. While Martin attempts to expiate past sin by physically repeating the transgression, Francis reenacts his past by communing with ghosts who lead him on a Dantean tour of his own underworld.

Ironweed's commingling of past and present, dream and reality, is expertly orchestrated. Kennedy's virtuosity of technique is well illustrated in a scene in a skid-row bar when Francis's companion is invited to sing for the crowd. The magic of the moment—"Oh thunder! Thunderous applause! And the elegant people are standing for Helen"—ultimately descends to reality—"Some odd-looking people were applauding politely, but others were staring at her with sullen faces"—in a manner reminiscent of Bierce's "An Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge." Such double visions and the tentativeness of the book's ending might also call to mind a writer like John Fowles. In Fowles, however, the ploy is an authorial intrusion; in Kennedy it emanates from the character's own perception.

Mythical allusions are readily discernible in *Ironweed*. There are the names Helen and the Ulysses-sounding Aloysius (Francis's middle name). And it happens that after a twenty(-two)-year absence, Francis returns home to find a grown son, a faithful wife, and a friendly dog. Such details, plus Kennedy's exploration of the father-son relationship, immediately identify him with Joyce; however, placing Kennedy in a *tradition* of writers like Joyce and Proust and Faulkner is ultimately more to the point. His imagination, like theirs, is firmly planted in native soil. His books, like theirs, are filled with "presences" often felt more than seen. And he, too, writes "family" novels, on-going histories of characters that extend from one book to another. In addition to these and other thematic

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similarities, Kennedy's use of stream of consciousness, interior monologue, and development by association links him to these writers. For example, the memories conjured by the sight of a "clean, soft-colored, white-on-white shirt" recalls Proust's account in *Swann's Way* of the past revived by a *madeleine* dipped in tea.

The pervasive vitality of the past lies at the heart of *O Albany*. Though incidental in *The Ink Truck*, place becomes increasingly prominent in each book until it becomes the subject itself. In concluding this history/memoir, Kennedy demonstrates that talk is indeed "an animating principle" and that nothing is ever past, nothing ever ends. An example of the on-going dynamism of story-telling also frames "North Albany: Crucible for a Childhood." In this lyrically fluid chapter, twenty pages in a single paragraph, Kennedy moves by association through the picture-book pages of memory transforming neighborhood into paradise, reminiscence into myth. If Martin Daugherty's belief that "The quest to love yourself is a moral quest" is valid, then surely Kennedy's personal search is fulfilled in this book, and in this section particularly. North Albany, a place where "You were never solitary for very long anyway, for it was an Irish neighborhood that believed in overpopulation," is Kennedy's antidote to the existential void. Here Kennedy, a writer who is by turns eloquent, poetic, slangy, and schmaltzy, a writer who favors words like "nifty," who occasionally lapses into phrases like "a terrific neighbor, with a marvelous but sad smile," comes to terms with the "mawkish essences of my life: the syrupy, sappy sentimentality that chokes in my gorge and makes me laugh and weep against my will, against all that is intelligent and genuinely holy." In "The North End made me and nothing exists powerful enough to unmake me without destroying the vessel" we hear echoes of Whitman's "My tongue, every atom of my blood, form'd from this soil, / this air." There is exaltation in Kennedy's song of himself as he embraces the warring parties of his soul: "I am not Irish but I am. I can't sing but I will."

Interpreting an enigmatic "I like it" —the parting words of a dying relative—Kennedy says, "He was talking about my scarf when he pointed . . . It was a red-and-blue scarf, colorful and long but not gaudy . . . ; but what he was saying was that he liked my style." Whatever Kennedy's weaknesses, we have to admit that his joyous, whole-hearted acceptance of the contradictions of his nature is the triumph of a writer of substance and a man of singular style. □

FILM

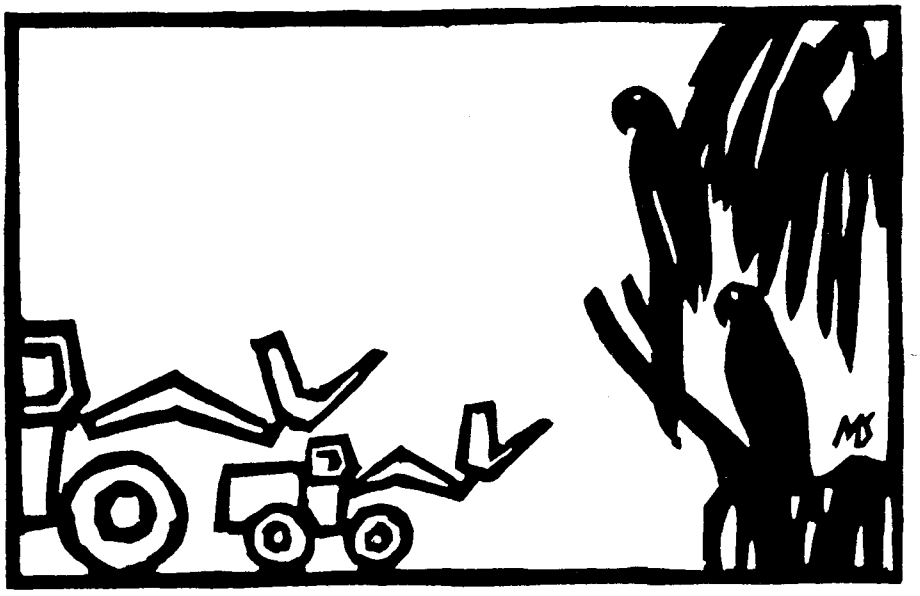
COWBOYLESS INDIANS, INDIANLESS COWBOYS

John Simon

THE ANTHROPOLOGIST Claude Lévi-Strauss warns us neither to take "for granted the 'rightness' or 'naturalness' of our own customs" nor to attribute to so-called primitive societies "absolute merits such as no society can claim to possess" (*Tristes Tropiques*). Whereas past filmmakers used to commit the former error, the current crop of liberal *cinéastes* blissfully opts for the latter. In *The Emerald Forest*, John Boorman fiercely espouses the cause of the Indians of the Amazon rain forests, who have dwindled from several million to 200,000, and whose majestic forests teeming with rare species of animals and birds are being encroached on with alarming speed. Though I am in total sympathy with preserving the people, fauna, and flora of the Amazon basin, I can also see why Brazil would build such a hydroelectric dam as is being constructed in the movie under the supervision of an American engineer, Bill Markham.

When members of the Invisible People, as the tribe calls itself, abduct Markham's small son, Tommy, the father vows to find the boy, and after a decade's search does so. Tommé, as he is now called, is the adopted son of Wanadi, the chieftain/shaman of the IP, and the two save Bill from another tribe, the Fierce People, who are hunting him for sport. The boy has turned Bill into Daddé, his internalized father, while considering Wanadi his real one. Markham has many unusual experiences among the Indians, and he and Tommé become close again, but Tommé, naked and painted like the rest of the IP, will not return to Belém, the city that for Bill is civilization, but for the Indians part of the Lost World.

Later, when the FP, made homeless by the dam-builders, attack the IP, they kill many and abduct the young women, including Tommé's bride, Kachiri, and sell them to some white slave traders (who run a somewhat improbable brothel in the middle of the forest) in exchange for automatic rifles. When the IP come to reclaim their women, their spears and arrows and bravery are no match for the FP, armed with the weapons of the Termite Men, as the whites are scornfully called. Wanadi is killed by Jacareh, the FP's evil chief, and Tommé and a friend set out for Belém to find Daddé. Miraculously, they do, and with Daddé's help, they lay waste the slave traders, their customers, and a good many FP, then rescue their women, who happily doff the gladrags inflicted



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on them. Tommé, who is now chief of the IP, stays with them, and using his shaman's powers summons up torrential rains to destroy the dam, the very thing Markham, turned Luddite, is about to do. The dam bursts, though it's not clear whether through magic, Markham, or the screenwriter; anyhow, Tommé and Kachiri and a number of other young couples among the IP will enjoy at least a temporary respite. The eagle, who is Tommé's mystic spirit, soars again over endless expanses of emerald forest.

Boorman is a gifted action director, but he lacks the corollary requisite: the ability to couple action with lucid, persuasive story-telling. On a film such as *Deliverance*, he had the help of James Dickey as writer; on *Point Blank*, with which he made his name, a fresh visual style and canny use of shocking violence got him past the murky, confused plot. But with a poor scenarist such as William Goodhart, Boorman's moony religiosity takes over, resulting in the utter chaos of *Exorcist II: The Heretic*. Similar problems beset *Zardoz* and *Excalibur*, with mysticism and cloudy metaphysics getting in the way of the action.

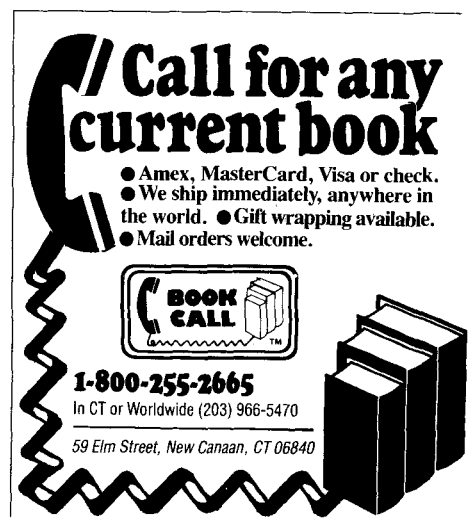
In *Emerald Forest*, which the scenarist Rospo Pallenberg loosely based on a newspaper story of such an Amazonian kidnapping, good and bad elements, insight and cliché, observed reality and sentimental fantasy, moving scenes and outlandish claptrap, anthropology and drug-culture profundities mingle in a way that is only intermittently boring but never genuine art. Well, there are a few touching moments instinct with authenticity. So the first meeting of Bill and his son in the wilderness, surrounded by mortal enemies and natural wonders: Facing each other as potential killers, they are stopped by a dim sense of kinship through blood and, beyond that, through humanity. So, too, Tommé's nocturnal scaling of the skyscraper where his father, mother, and sister live, and the silent, wrenching embrace of mother and son, both of whom realize that their long-delayed reunion merely augurs an almost immediate, and this time irreversible, parting.

There are also numerous enjoyable tributes to nature, as when the literally superhuman work of ants is observed in extreme closeup through microcinematography. And the film's induction and leitmotif—the eagle overflying the seemingly perennial, immutable rain forest—is initially majestic and highly suggestive. But it also reveals two of Boorman's characteristic weaknesses. Thus the bird is not allowed to be merely a symbol, but must also take on occult significance. "Many a young man probably wishes he had the wings of an eagle," Brahms wrote to Clara Schumann (August 12, 1855), "and may even imagine that he has them." But Tommé *is* the eagle: When in ritual fashion a drug (peyote?) is shot up both his nostrils with a blowpipe that you think would puncture his brain, he goes into a trance in which he becomes the eagle (Bill, similarly shot up, turns into a jaguar), and it is in this aquiline persona that he manages to ferret (or eagle) out his family's urban domicile. That's rather too windy stuff for me. And then we get too many shots of that damned eagle throughout the film, including some closeups in which he seems to be yawning. I certainly was.

There is much confusion, even as to the geographic relationship of the film's various locales, with distances shrinking or stretching according to exigencies of plotting and directing. It is not even clear from the movie (as it is from the press kit) that the Fierce People have been deprived of their lands by the dam-builders and are taking this out on the Invisible People. This makes scant sense: The FP live in readily rebuildable huts and have lost no special possessions; there is still plenty of virgin forest to provide them with equivalent food and shelter. They seem to be bloodthirsty merely to supply the kind of plot element the Apaches or Sioux provided in our old, unreconstructed Westerns. Again, when Wanadi teaches Tommé how to hunt, poisoned darts are used to bag the animals easily; why are these weapons never used in combat or self-defense? Why is courtship among the Indians shown in a romanticized, Westernized form (with a couple of mild hints of polygamy thrown in) despite all those anthropologists acting as technical advisors? But a technical credit such as "Tribe choreography by José Possi" does not inspire confidence. When Bill and Tommé ride down a waterfall and emerge safe and sound, how come none of the pursuing FP dares duplicate this feat? And many more incredibilities and inconsistencies.

I repeat, narrative logic, or any other kind, is not Boorman's strong suit. But credit must be given him for shooting on location under difficult conditions, for gaining the confidence of the Xingu Indians, among whom he stayed for several months, for getting some terrific nature footage with the able assistance of his cinematographer (Philippe Rousselot), for eliciting winning performances from Powers Boothe and Meg Foster as the Markhams, and from assorted Brazilians and others (no actual Indians), notably the stunning Filipino actress Tetchie Agbayani, who plays the Number Three wife Wanadi hospitably offers Markham, but whom he, with epic chastity, spurns. Felicitous, above all, was the casting of Boorman's son, Charley, as Tommé: He proves both charming and believable in a demanding role. Fascinating, too, is the music by Junior Homrich assisted by Brian Gascoigne; to these untutored ears it sounds mightily Amazonian. Besides entertaining, the film also calls attention to a serious problem: It makes armchair conservationists and humanitarians of us all. To make us implement these noble stirrings is beyond any movie's power.

TWO NEW super-Westerns have given rise to speculation that this obsolescent genre may have a renaissance. Actually, both films are trash. *Pale Rider*, starring and directed by Clint Eastwood, has our hero appear in response to 14-year-old Megan's prayer for a miracle after some varmints shoot her dog. Eastwood is referred to as either the Stranger or the Preacher (he sometimes affects a clerical collar), but there are strong, albeit contradictory, indications that he is either Death or Jesus Christ. Just as Megan reads, in almost total darkness (Bruce Surtees, the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cinematographer, has a mania for underlighting), the relevant passage from Revelation, Eastwood rides along, as pale as his pale horse and considerably more emaciated. Yet there is powerful evidence that he has been shot to death (seven cicatrized bullet holes in his back are lovingly dwelt on by the camera) and resurrected; as he goes about his business of liquidating villains, one exclaims, with portentous ambiguity, "Jesus!"

I might add that this Christ figure turns down the amorous advances of Megan (well played by Sydney Penny), but does have a quickie with her mother (badly played by Carrie Snodgress), whom he then turns over to her faithful long-time suitor (decently played by Michael Moriarty). As he finally rides off toward snowy peaks, the mountains echo with the bereft Megan's outcry for him. If this sounds like shameless plagiarism of *Shane*, rest assured that the entire movie falls somewhere between an *hommage* to it and a ripoff. Call yourself *Pale Rider* till you're blue in the face, *bei mir bist du Shane.*

As for *Silverado*, directed and cowritten by Lawrence Kasdan (*Body Heat, The Big Chill*), with any number of lesser Kasdans collaborating on the script or playing bit parts, it is one of those *cinémathèque* Westerns where almost everything is a clone of characters

THE RIGHT BOOKS / CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

HOWARD J. WIARDA'S *Ethnocentrism in Foreign Policy: Can We Understand the Third World?* (American Enterprise Institute, 1150 17th St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036; $3.95) is, according to the foreword by William J. Baroody Jr., president of AEI, "a preliminary and exploratory statement of a larger project that we plan to complete in the next two years," and which I anticipate with the interest generated by reading the present volume. Only 68 pages long, it is a magnificent swipe at provincialism posing as internationalism, illiberalism as liberalism, ignorance as wisdom, narrowness as breadth of mind: the unmasking of a twelfth-century Crusader to reveal a Jimmy Carter.

It is Wiarda's contention that the vast majority of the United States' difficulties with so-called Third World governments and their peoples stem from the fact that official U.S. policymakers, as well as the ranks of teachers, trainers, and exhorters jostling them from behind, neither understand non-Western cultures nor, if truth be told, sympathize with them. Marx denied that primitive people have any history or culture at all—he claimed that they could not be said really to exist as peoples until they had reached a certain degree of civilization (by which he had in mind some Western milestone)—and since his time political economists, political theorists, and sociologists, whether Marxists or not, have tended to agree with him, although they have usually not been very frank—perhaps even with themselves—about it. Their disciplines, as they have been learned and taught in the United States, have for the most part evolved in this country and Western Europe—that is to say, England, Germany, and France—and the "data" and "laws" of which they are compounded have been derived almost exclusively from the historical experience of these countries. This narrowness of vision is exacerbated by the standard American (and Western European) liberal-arts curriculum, which Wiarda finds all very well so far as it goes, which is no further than this "original area-studies course" could be expected to do.

A quarter-century after the publication of W. W. Rostow's book *The Stages of Economic Growth*, a great deal of American policymaking, Wiarda argues, is still based ("more implicitly than explicitly now") on the ideas set forth therein, which played a powerful role in shaping the Alliance for Progress and all subsequent U.S. aid programs. These ideas were congruous with those developed in associated fields by Kennedy liberals like John Kenneth Galbraith, Robert Heilbroner, Max Millikan, and Seymour Martin Lipset, and they were accepted almost overnight with the ecstasy of men discovering a hidden valley filled with alchemists' stones. Twenty-five years later, Wiarda observes, the Agency for International Development is "no longer quite so mesmerized" by Rostow's categories, yet its basic assumptions, like those of the rest of the foreign-policy establishment, remain unchanged, even though America's experience with Third World countries proves abundantly that Europe and America provide no "model" for economic, political, and cultural change throughout the world; that progress is not inevitable and may in fact be reversed; that there is not just one road to development but many; and that the social and political benefits believed to accompany a modernizing economy may not in fact accrue.

The American proclivity toward the "enlightenment" of peoples of different cultures who neither believe, think, nor act as Americans do is of course an endemic one, nearly as old as the Republic itself: One thinks of the missionizing spirit of the turn of the last century, of Woodrow Wilson's bid to "make the world safe for democracy," of Kennedy's Peace Corps, Carter's human-rights offensive, Ronald Reagan's enthusiasm for the development of "capitalism" in Latin America. Unfortunately, Wiarda believes, such naïveté has not only made enemies for us abroad, it has done considerable damage to traditional societies by removing their mainsprings without putting effective mechanisms in their place. These "failures" of policy, moreover, have merely aggravated the prejudices of the planners in Washington by frustrating their notion of the way the world is, or should be, causing them to redouble their misguided efforts.

The problem is academic as well as political, Wiarda believes: Social scientists are going to have to reconsider the universalist claims of Parsons, Durkheim, Rostow, et al. and embark on studies of non-Western regional, national, and cultural developments—a direction that Samuel P. Huntington for one believes will be the new frontier of the social sciences. As for policymakers, they are simply going to have to quit being shocked by the fact that the political and social goings-on in India, Guatemala, or Tanzania are unlike those to be observed in Cambridge or Georgetown, and rid themselves of the kind of "simplistic" thinking they are so talented at recognizing in other people. □

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or scenes from countless other Westerns. However, a strictly Now sensibility has been superimposed in mentality and language, with people, for example, calling one another arseholes. *Silverado* is mostly about male bonding and liberal sentiments, with one of the four-man band of superheroes a black (Danny Glover), and the saloon keeper a female dwarf (Linda Hunt). There is even a Jewish gambler (Jeff Goldblum), who has a black girlfriend, but despite this (in the film's one surprise), he proves a villain. There are a few good effects amid the clichés, solid performances from Scott Glenn and Brian Dennehy (and poor ones from Kevin Kline and, especially, Rosanna Arquette), and terrific camera work by John Bailey. Rapturous rumblings notwithstanding, it's all bluster on the Western front. □

DELECTATIONS

LITE IS IN– IRRADIATION'S NEXT

Nika Hazelton

THE FOODS we eat and the wines we drink are going to be different in the near future, my informants tell me. As to wine, light—or, in its trendy spelling, "lite"—is in, meaning wines that are not as high in alcoholic content as the great majority of American, and especially California, wines, which normally run around 12 to 14 per cent by volume.

Part of what has happened is that American winemakers and wine writers have finally discovered that wine goes with food and in fact *is* food, rather than an esoteric beverage to be sipped with awe. At the same time, strong waters, even Scotch and vodka, are no longer as popular as they used to be ("Brown goods are in the dumps," a doleful liquor wholesaler told me today; incidentally, what ever became of the all-American rye whisky?). Hence the noticeable turning toward drinks with a 10 to 11 per cent alcoholic content. German wines, low in alcohol (usually hovering around 8 to 10 per cent), are becoming increasingly popular, and California and other American winemakers are zeroing in. Among the new wines, I have found the "soft" Domain San Martin California Chenin Blanc (1984), the Johannisberg Riesling, and the White Zinfandel, all with around 8 per cent alcohol by volume, very pleasing and potable; not great wines but nice wines, wines that don't zonk you as you sip them but are still honest-to-goodness *wine*.

Another new twist is provided by Caraffa d'Oro wines, imported from Italy by Monsieur Henri Wines Ltd. This is another offspring of Pepsico, which also gave us Stolichnaya vodka. (Although Stolichnaya is Russian, which is unfortunate, I still think it is the best vodka available in this country; but then, I am not a great spirits drinker.) Both the white Trebbiano and the red Sangiovese Caraffa d'Oro wines are simple, nice, and undistinguished—the most interesting thing about them being the packaging.

Caraffa d'Oro wines come, not in traditional bottles, but in one-liter cartons. Packaged wines are more compact and easier to store and carry than bottled wines. Above all, they are much cheaper, costing about 30 to 50 per cent less than the bottled stuff, which is as it should be for these everyday, every-meal wines.

Interestingly, the packaging, called Tetrasac Aseptic Packaging, was invented in Sweden, though other packaged and canned wines have been floating around Europe for some time. Tetrasac consists of a rectangular package measuring 6½ by 3¾ by 2½ inches and made of a six-layer laminate of polyethylene, paper, and aluminum foil. I think it the best of its kind that I have seen, including in Europe, where packaged wines are more popular than they are here. Italians are used to this way of packaging liquids, especially sterilized milk and cream, which does not have to be refrigerated as our fresh milk does. I am told—and I believe it—that regular wine drinkers are far more receptive to the packaging of their everyday, inexpensive tipples than most Americans, who consider wine to be a romantic beverage, for occasions.

HAVE YOU ever heard of imitation fish, called *surimi*, from Japan? I bet many of my readers have already eaten it without knowing it. Actually, imitation isn't quite the right word: It *is* fish, though not the fish it seems to be. Inexpensive white fish, like pollack, is cleaned, bleached (I believe), minced, seasoned, and emulsified into a paste, which in turn is frozen into blocks and shaped to resemble whatever fish or seafood you wish to present it as. Simulated crab flakes, scallops, shrimp, lobster, tuna, and fillets have been sold and eaten for the real thing for quite a while. I understand that a *surimi* hot dog is being considered and that *surimi* in many other forms looms large in our future.

ANOTHER TYPE of food with a future is the irradiated food that the astronauts eat when in space. Its predecessor, dried food, has long been familiar to mountain climbers and other voyagers who have to carry their food with them. In my mountain-climbing days in Switzerland, I subsisted on dried stews made edible with a little water; what I remember of them is that they sustained life but were repulsive and tasteless—not something you would eat for choice.

Irradiated food was first shown at MIT in 1943, and the army developed the process further during the last two years of the war. Irradiation consists of exposing the food to a set radiation dosage to kill the microorganisms that would otherwise spoil it. That way, meat, fruits, and vegetables can be kept for a long time without refrigeration, and can be easily transported. Pro-irradiationists point out that the food has no preservatives and saves energy costs connected with freezing foods and keeping them frozen—frozen foods being the nearest competitor. Anti-irradiationists claim that treating the foods is dangerous for the workers, and that although there is no radiation, there may be hazardous "radiolytic elements" in the stuff.

Suzanne Hamlin has taste-tested some of these foods, and has written about them in the *New York Daily News* ("Foods of the Future," June 5). Radiation Technology Inc. of New Jersey, the only company in this country that produces irradiated food for commercial purposes, presented her with an array of little plastic packets of food, each in its own vacuum-sealed pouch. According to Miss Hamlin, the unadorned items, such as steak, cocktail franks, pork loin, sausage, and ham, looked and tasted like food, albeit mess-hall rather than gourmet. But two dolled-up foods—sweet-and-sour pork, and chicken in wine sauce—were poor.

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To serve, slit open the plastic pouch and eat as is; or else slip the pouch into boiling water or a microwave oven for a short time.

About such phenomena as gourmet food in plastic pouches, more later: You may already have eaten it as some fancy chef's creation that had been made to your order, and paid for accordingly. I will write about this new gourmet touch when I have eaten some of the products; it has not yet been possible for me to do so, since the chief maker in New York has so far been unable to connect the packaging machine to electrical outlets. □

THE GIMLET EYE

MEMORIES OF COLUMBIA 1968

D. Keith Mano

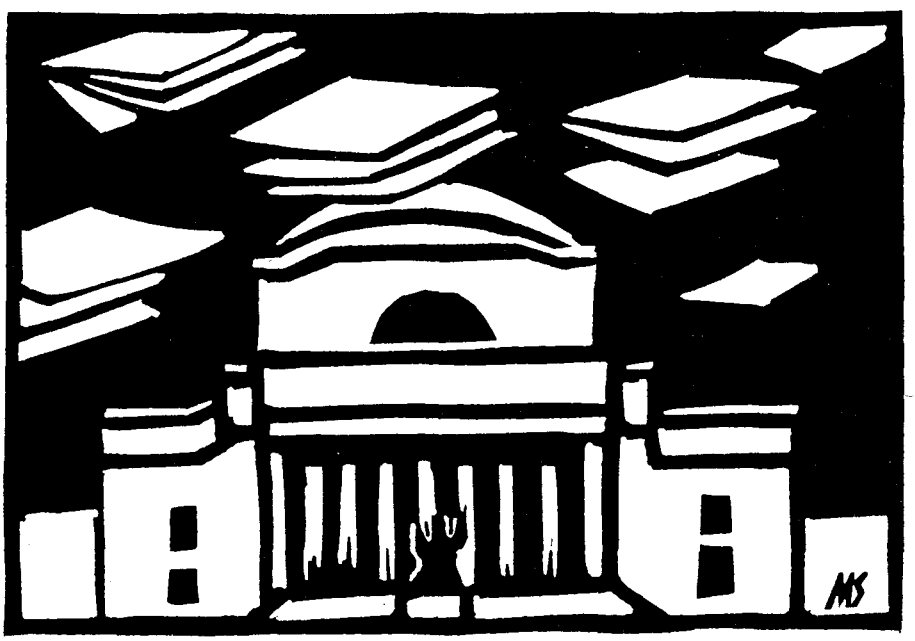
IT ISN'T TRUE, I confess now, that three policemen gave me a boost in—like Lenin and his sealed train—to infect the 1968 Columbia protest with conservative bacilli. By that time Morningside Campus had been cut off from outside influence for three weeks or more. The general temper was gall and meanness. Liberal-arts education had become radical-skills training. No, I merely slid through Main Gate while campus police argued with some media person. Simple as NBC. Then again, if I'd known this was to be the night of the big bust, I might've gone home and, oh, done work on my neuroses instead.

I was a new conservative in 1968 and not very good at it yet. Columbia had sicked this brazen, compelling right-of-Burke English professor on me —Jeff Hart. (Wonder where he is now. Gone to the Sunbelt probably.) But in 1963, my senior year, Hart had been denied tenure for his conservatism—and, if you were halfway prescient, you could predict the outcome. When 1968 arrived, most faculty, old Roosevelt liberals, sympathized with SDS. Until it was too late. I remember, as that political Walpurgis Night ended, seeing whole file folders ride a thermal up, out of the Columbia math building. And, beside me, the dealt-out New Deal professor screamed, "They're in my office. Oh, God." How much of his life work blew over Riverside Church, I don't know. Responsible protest, they said it was.

Picture Low Library, held by the most photogenic radical children. Picture concentric rings out from it. Inner ring: faculty up against the wall looking spooked and rather stupid. Next ring: Center Coalition students, some conservative, most just pissed about losing an expensive education. Third ring: SDS and fellow easy riders. Coalition people, about three hundred or so, meant to starve SDS out of Low. (Faculty were between because some Center spokesmen had suggested a direct assault.) Now, as is well known, liberals can't throw. From ring three food was pitched at an open window in Low. Again and again it would miss. I recall one pickle jar smashing against brick. Glass, sour juice, and the odd gherkin came down on a radsymp anthropology professor. He stood dripping. It seemed appropriate: a fine image for the distress of 1930s liberalism.

We all wore cloth armbands: Center, SDS, faculty, black. I forget now which color went with which. But I had a beard back then and, for some time, Centrists didn't trust me. One football player kept heaving me over the hedge toward ring three. (We were outnumbered 20 to 1 at least. Remember, SDS held seven or eight other buildings along with Low.) Once I was accepted, though, a Centerman told me this splendid vignette: That morning about two hundred blacks had sortied from Hamilton Hall in paramilitary fashion. (They had begun the insurrection at Hamilton. Throughout, their protest was, by comparison, dignified and methodical. They didn't much like white radical rich children crashing the party.) This task force insinuated itself between ring two and ring three. Some had nasty vials of ammonia. They threatened the Center. "Gonna off you, honky m-f," that sort of jive. Exuberant, ring three came in behind to mop up what was, apparently, an imminent attack. And the blacks charged. With SDS, long hair flying in naïveté, right behind. The Center began to give. Then, blam, all blacks dispersed. To leave SDS and Center, white and white, head on. SDS broke but fast. It was as beautiful a moment of racial cynicism as you could imagine.

By 2 A.M. it was colder than bejesus. Some Center person lent me a coat. Word, Left and Right, was that the police were finally massing. Columbia's president, Grayson Kirk, an inept and charmless corporate stiff (he looked like the Monopoly Chance-card man) had given us as his cop-out, cop-in excuse. Police were sent, not to liberate Columbia from mutineers, but to forestall SDS-Center student violence. And I'll never forget that sight. Under TV lights they came, hundred after hundred, and came and came, marching in battalion strength—blue-helmeted and impatient riot police. It was a full army: one that couldn't care less about armband color or philosophical nuance. In 1968 policemen, remember,



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were regularly called "pig" by children. I felt the unmanning fear around. Everyone ran—rings one, two, three—but there was no room even for a decent panic. We milled and bucked against each other. Your nightstick is a great political scientist.

It was anticlimax, though. Columbia is knit by underground tunnels. Each building had already been penetrated from beneath. Flash: Mark Rudd, walkie-talkie to his ear (and, I think, a World War I aviator's helmet on), disposing his lost force. Flash: I am hit in the chest by some stolid plainclothesman. Another has knelt behind. I go down ass over nose. Flash: the professor who screamed, "Burn that building!" then wept, "Why haven't I guts enough to do it? Why? Why?" Flash: those magnificent, gentle police horses breast-boning through the mob, irresistible and huge. It was a brilliant operation. Not one person got noticeably hurt. And I rode an IRT train home to Flushing.

What were the issues? A new gym proposed for Morningside Park. Columbian involvement with the Defense Department. Student say in faculty hiring and curriculum. The usual black agenda. In 1985, by contrast, liberal rhetoric was limited to apartheid and divestiture. (Though, certainly, the defense argument is still available.) We ought to thank South Africa. It has taken heat for us without shredding any national tissue. In 1985 Columbia was inconvenienced, not maimed for a decade. It might be new moderation. I think it is also fear. The 1968 insurrections were truly fundamental and terrific. They went to the hem of human viciousness: civil interchange was almost lost. Student, professor—SDS, Center, black, me—bent down and saw, as Kurtz did, the horror in us. We are all a little more frightened by each other now. And that is progress of some small sort. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

The Years with Ross, by James Thurber (Penguin, 310 pp., $6.95)

PENGUIN BOOKS here rescues from neglect a splendid antique, James Thurber's history of *The New Yorker*. First published in 1959, *The Years with Ross* traces the history of the magazine from its founding in 1925 by Harold Ross, formerly of *Stars and Stripes* and numerous newspapers across the country, through its glory days until the editor's death in 1951. Thurber's memoir predates the torrent of self-indulgent memorial volumes about *The New Yorker*, and it is by far the best. Its reappearance will undoubtedly remind many former *New Yorker* readers of just how bad Brendan Gill's vitriolic 1975 history was. The familiar cast is all here—E. B. White, Wolcott Gibbs, Joseph Mitchell, John McNulty, Charles Addams—but it is Ross who lives in these pages, Ross getting out a magazine against all odds. He was, by all accounts, a wild man, yet a precise and meticulous editor. He is largely unknown today, even to journalists, although his spirit lives on in many editorial chambers. Ross was one of those great reactionary dinosaurs who in every age are entrusted with the rearguard action against the barbarians, be they social, political, or journalistic. Thurber knew it, and his book is a tribute, albeit a maniacal one. *The Years with Ross* is also the book containing the line said to have been spoken by H. L. Mencken and cherished by managing editors everywhere: "All managing editors are vermin."

JOE MYSAK

Baseball, photographs by Walter Iooss Jr., text by Roger Angell (Abrams, 160 pp., $29.95)

ANY FAN will enjoy this oversized book of 133 baseball photos from Iooss's two decades of work for *Sports Illustrated*, but it should bring pleasure even to those who don't follow the National Pastime. It would be hard not to be moved by the pastoral images of striving seven-year-olds and even more intense 75-year-olds playing the game. And, although few of the pictures were shot away from Major League venues, most are not simply action shots of pitchers pitching, batters batting, and fielders fielding—good as those are. Iooss wisely aims his senses and his camera at what happens in and around ballparks: the players arriving, the wait in the clubhouse, batting practice, autograph sessions, killing time in the dugout. (One is a study of freckled hands loosely clasped behind the back and dangling a neat's-foot-oiled and dirt-softened old mitt. Huck Finn for sure!) Sometimes Iooss pulls back to include the twilight sky above the parks, reminiscent of Dutch landscape painters, and at others he goes in as close as Frans Hals for boisterous portraits of the fans. Unfortunately, this book—just like the gloves and balls these days—was made in Japan, which probably explains the misinformation in many of the captions. Nevertheless, Roger Angell's brief introduction is first-rate, as always.

BERT CULVER

The Visual Display of Quantitative Information, by Edward R. Tufte (Graphics Press, 197 pp., $34)

THE VISUAL DISPLAY *of Quantitative Information* is like a stunningly beautiful woman who does calculus: unlikely but delightful. Edward R. Tufte is a professor of political science and statistics at Yale. Out of this interesting combination, he has made himself one of the country's leading specialists on graphs and charts, serving as a consultant to CBS, NBC, the *New York Times*, *Newsweek*, and various government agencies. Mr. Tufte believes that well-designed graphs are "of all methods for analyzing and communicating statistical information . . . usually the simplest and at the same time the most powerful." This exquisitely designed book summarizes the history of data graphics, presents Mr. Tufte's theory of what constitutes a good graph, and contains a chamber of horrors: forty "graphical lies" culled from the pages of various distinguished publications—most notably the *Washington Post* and the *New York Times*—whose distortions are crisply indicted by Mr. Tufte. ("At the core of the preoccupation with deceptive graphics," he writes with a revivalist's fervor, "was the assumption that data graphics were mainly devices for showing the obvious to the ignorant.") Mr. Tufte also reprints what he considers to be the best graphs ever designed—for example, the 1861 "*tableau graphique*" drawn by Charles Joseph Minard to illustrate the fate of Napoleon's disastrous Russian campaign of 1812. *The Visual Display of Quantitative Information* is one of the most elegant coffee-table books ever published—and certainly the most *intelligent* coffee-table book imaginable. Mr. Tufte's *magnum opus* is available directly from Graphics Press, Box 430, Cheshire, Conn. 06410.

TERRY TEACHOUT

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DOES REAGAN MEAN IT?

NEW YORK, JULY 10

WHEN Rip Van Winkle awoke, one can't imagine a happier discovery than that he had slept through a hostage crisis. I have been incommunicado on the Pacific, and thereby avoided the awful burden of specific advice to Ronald Reagan. Twenty years ago, responding to something I had written on the subject of South Africa, Rebecca West wrote to me: "I agree that anyone who criticizes as I have done the policies of apartheid bears the responsibility of describing a palatable alternative." What was Reagan's palatable alternative?

Flash forward to his stirring address on Monday to the American Bar Association. Here Mr. Reagan said—not "in effect said," just plain said—that the United States is at war with a loose confederation of international bandits whose aim is the destruction of freedom and the isolation of this country, and that their instrument is terror. He went on to say that the American people have in the past risen to meet such challenges (which is mostly true; in Vietnam, we failed), and that we would do so now. Do what now?

Well, here Mr. Reagan was discreet. He told the lawyers that this speech was not an exploration of policy options, but rather an exercise in laying down the factual background. It is a season in which we face (note the word carefully) the need for "sacrifices."

How freighted was that word?

The expense of an air strike against enemy targets isn't much of a sacrifice to the American people. An air strike doesn't cost all that much more than a vice presidential tour of Europe. Of course there is the danger of the pilot's being shot down. But army pilots choose a profession in which risk inheres, even as firefighters and policemen do. What other sacrifices did Mr. Reagan have in mind?

Surely the possibility that, if we dealt more forcefully with terrorists, our hostages might die. There are three levels at which the survival of a hostage held by a terrorist can be viewed. The first assigns total priority to the survival of the hostage. That position was close to the position the government took during the Iranian hostage crisis. At the other end is a position of the kind associated with total war. When we bombed large areas during the Second World War, we knew we would risk dropping bombs on American prisoners of war. In between is the position that accepts risk for the hostages but presupposes great exertions designed to combine rescue, and retaliation. Such a determination guided the Israelis in rescuing their hostages in Entebbe. And the United States, under President Ford, in rescuing our hostages in Cambodia in the *Mayagüez* incident. Such a position would have had the President warning the Shiites in Beirut that a massive air strike against that discrete part of the city in which the Shiites dwell would be ordered within 48 hours if the hostages were not released. What would have happened?

We do not know. They might have been released, and that release might have assured the serenity of future hostages, who are bound now to multiply as a result of the success of the Shiite operation. Or—the retaliatory strike might have resulted in the loss of 39 Americans.

The middle way, surely, is the appropriate way. All of Mr. Reagan's rhetoric deposits us exactly at that position (the U.S. will not be intimidated, we will not suffer atrocities complacently, etc., etc.). What we need now is an example. One that is forthright, defensible, and designed, for reasons not only of pride, but also of prudence, to rescue the United States Government from the ignominy of the present situation.

There are seven hostages in the Bekaa Valley, Americans kidnapped as long ago as the spring of 1984.

Washington disposes of crisis-management centers, including CIA, the National Security Agency, and the Department of Defense. We want our Americans back, and whatever the differences among the fratricidal factions that govern Lebanon, there is a common interest in avoiding, let us say, a hard military strike against a previously announced target. Okay?

Soon now we will be observing yet another anniversary. The contest that ended with the explosion of an atomic bomb had begun four years earlier. It began with Pearl Harbor, and it ended with Hiroshima. We now rule out apocalyptic stakes, because they are planet-shattering in scale. But we do not rule out, and Mr. Reagan has said so in as many words, the central proposition, and this is that terrorism at the expense of American citizens will not be tolerated. So will we continue to tolerate it? □

DRUGS DRUGS EVERYWHERE–AND NO SOLUTION IN SIGHT

NEW YORK, JULY 12

THREE MONTHS AGO in this space I attempted to accost a dilemma, and very nearly got run over. To compress the analysis, it goes like this: 1) We aren't succeeding in keeping dope away from the American public. 2) We have, in attempting to keep it away from the public, created, and are now sustaining, a criminal class, plus encouraging criminal behavior on a vast scale. 3) Is there then a case for doing away with the crime by legalizing the stuff, and simultaneously mounting against its consumption a huge campaign?

People who have had any experience in talking about drugs other than merely to condemn them will tell you that some people simply stop thinking when they read an attempt at reason. Many letters recounted to me the horrors of drug addiction—as though I had been arguing in favor of drug addiction. At a more subtle level, there is much sentiment out there that if the United States Government legalized the consumption of hard drugs, it would inevitably appear as if the people of the United States sanctioned the consumption of hard drugs. There is of course no logic in that position: A society can sanction the sale of pistols without sanctioning their use to kill people. A drugstore that stocks sleeping pills does not sanction their use for suicidal purposes. Still, there is the lingering impression that to license is to approve, and for that reason alone, changes in the law would need to be made with fanfare whose message was unambiguous.

A lawyer wrote in with a novel suggestion, namely that Congress pass a law giving all Americans currently taking heroin or cocaine ninety days in which to register as users. They would then be supplied with the stuff, but only on their agreeing to sign

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up for rehabilitation courses. Anyone unregistered as a user and caught using the drugs after the ninety-day limit would incur a special penalty of a very heavy kind. The idea is clear enough: Find out who the users are, and give it to them at cost, for as long as it takes to break the habit. Warn others that experimentation will bring draconian consequences.

An interesting variation, not to be dismissed. But it becomes clearer that mere denunciations of drugs simply are not having the desired effect. Meanwhile, the figures roll in. Fifty per cent, perhaps 60 per cent, of all crime is drug-related. Ninety per cent of illegal drugs reaching this country come in through organized crime. Businesses lose $50 billion annually because of drug-related absenteeism, mistakes made at the plant. There are now four million frequent cocaine users, ten million occasional users. The price of both heroin and coke, three years after President Reagan's big anti-drug campaign was launched, is half what it was, which tells us that drugs are more ubiquitous than ever.

Here is a problem which the hard-liners have difficulty with. Take Dr. Gabriel G. Nahas of Columbia, author of several anti-marijuana studies, most recently, *Keep Off the Grass*. Confront him with what we know about the drugs we do legally tolerate. Three hundred thousand people die every year because of tobacco. Fifty thousand (at least) because of alcohol, and alcohol-related accidents. Yet there is certainly no sentiment to outlaw tobacco, let alone booze. Somehow our culture has decided to come to terms with the problem. Such pressure as there is, is in the direction of advertising the noxious effects of smoking, or overdrinking. Dr. Nahas will fend off questions relating to tobacco and alcohol by saying that proper epidemiological studies have yet to be done on the consumption of marijuana, so that there is as yet no way of telling exactly what is the strategic damage done by its consumption. And then, of course, the ultimate psychological weapon: If the United States becomes a nation of drug-users, this will sap our will, much as the will of China was sapped by the use of opium before the turn of the century, and that of Islam by the use of hash. Stop, they tell us, before it is too late.

But then we pause to reflect, Stop it how? Mr. Lee Kuan Yew of Singapore can tell us how: All you need to do is execute everyone you catch selling the stuff, and maybe flog users, and presto, no further problem. In Japan they stopped the use of amphetamines, but the Japanese have a way of mobilizing public pressure that we don't have over here.

Meanwhile, we have lots and lots of crime, and lots and lots of drugs floating all over the place. I pray for a solution, and note gently that it is not a part of any solution to write me a letter to tell me how awful drugs are. □

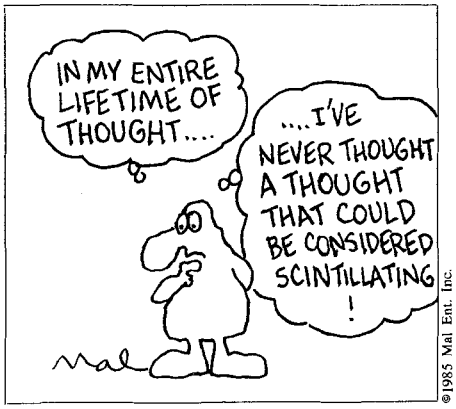
PLAYBOY NEEDS YOUR HELP

NEW YORK, JULY 15

I HAVE HERE a form letter ("Dear Bill") from the editorial director of *Playboy* magazine, Arthur Kretchmer ("Art"), asking me to authorize the use of my name in an advertising campaign aimed against groups who, protesting those features of *Playboy* that made it famous, have urged boycotts here and there against stores that sell the magazine.

The letter is wonderfully complacent in tone and, in its choice of words, rather more vulnerable than it might have been. Its tone is that of the fraternity president addressing his brothers. "You may not be aware of it, but there are some people out there who don't like *Playboy*." Well, if you are not aware of this, it may be you are not aware that Washington was our first President, and that Congress is a bicameral legislature. The letter goes on, "I'm not talking about those Effete Literary Snobs that you're occasionally forced to drink with in the Hamptons" (the allusion is to *New York Review of Books* types who feel that you don't really need to run a brothel in order to lure people into good reading). "I'm talking about right-wing groups and—because zealotry makes strange bedfellows—some left-wing groups as well." That the editorial director of *Playboy* should cavil at any two people meeting in bed (indeed, in *Playboy*, as often as not, the stranger they are to one another, the better) is newsworthy, though not newsworthy enough to make it into the next issue of *Playboy*.

But the letter goes on to complain about "a kind of moral terrorism" via boycotts and "on-site harassment." Mr. Kretchmer reminds us that last year his magazine won an annual fiction prize and says that "the best writers in the world publish in *Playboy*," which is quite true, though it begs the point, which is that the protestors aren't protesting the best writers in the world, they are protesting, to say it again exactly, that aspect of *Playboy* that made it famous. Another way to put it is that if one were to take the whole of the serious content over the last ten years of *Playboy*, segregate it, and stick it between the covers of, oh, *The Atlantic*, or *Harper's*, or *Saturday Review*, these publications would not be enjoying a circulation of five million. More like two, three hundred thousand. About what they have without the sex.



What Mr. Kretchmer et al. don't like to face up to is that *Playboy* is also a cultural statement. And not a cultural statement obliquely presented. The first decade or two of *Playboy* contained a protracted monthly essay by its founder, Hugh Hefner, in which he tirelessly deplored, assailed, and mocked traditional moral views involving licit and illicit sex. The proposed *Playboy* ad for which signatures are being solicited begins, "The American Experiment, after more than two hundred years, is working out just fine. Americans are still free to speak, to write, to think and act as they choose. That's what the American Experiment is all about." But you see, the American experiment is not working out just peachy-keen. The current issue of *Newsweek* magazine announces that by the end of the decade as many as one-half of the children of America will be raised by single parents. Between 1970 and 1980, illegitimate births in the white community rose from 6 to 11 per cent, and in the black community, from 38 to 55 per cent.

Because they all read *Playboy*? Of course not. But it is unquestionably the case that self-indulgence (the "Me Decade") has a great deal to do with the fragility of personal relations. Wanton sex, like wanton booze or wanton idleness or wanton thought, breeds undesirable things, among them bastards, but also broken homes. And broken homes breed things like violence, neglected children, and drug addiction, the stigmata of modern America. Most emphatically not what the American Experiment Is All About. It is hardly *Playboy*'s exclusive responsibility that this should be so. But we have traveled a long distance from Nathaniel Hawthorne, who awarded a scarlet letter to adulterers, to Hugh Hefner, who thinks adultery is good plain wholesome American fun and takes pride in his magazine as the principal architect of the Sexual Revolution.

I add this: that I have frequently written for *Playboy*, as I would write for any journal that addressed five million readers. And I gave a straightforward answer to the question why I did this feeling as I do, in a *Playboy* interview published 15 years ago. I write for *Playboy*, I said, because it is the fastest way to communicate with my 17-year-old son. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

E. B. WHITE:

About Freedom

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Personal

(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

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—JKL

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TRANS-O-GRAM / KEM PUTNEY

DEFINITIONS

A. Honestly — 73 131 165 49 89 113 135 21 181 4

B. By whatever means — 128 37 176 117 55 184 191 103 18

C. Studier of word origins — 199 35 83 7 122 50 161 137 152 64 / 26

D. The art of making copies on aluminum or stone — 58 96 3 155 192 126 30 143 186 160 / 76

E. Greek philosopher (342?-270 B.C.) — 24 142 105 34 85 203 56 162

F. Opposable digits — 95 198 65 13 108 149

G. Does this wild canine eat logs for lunch? (2 words) — 205 79 97 1 115 69 159 147 187 54

H. *TIP SHEET* (anagram) — 90 183 202 197 100 14 42 157

I. Noted name in banking — 11 132 88 74 52 111 27 150 179 194

J. Highly exaggerated — 119 169 51 178 19 91 82 104 148

K. Basis — 114 59 8 174 139 45 99 33 195 125

L. Celebration of joy — 62 2 16 146 120 78 94 168 185 136

M. Predominant — 6 166 46 129 60 15 177 110 72

N. Schisms — 180 193 23 204 145 36 173 134 71

O. In a manner objectionable to Spiro Agnew — 158 41 118 188 10 75 106 141

P. Valuates for taxation — 92 39 153 63 175 144 20 200

Q. This "man" is a skeleton in the closet for anthropologists — 29 70 107 151 189 5 123 87

R. Crucifixes — 102 138 47 80 171

S. Musical potpourri — 84 121 172 40

T. Former Dodger shortstop who was no "Giant"! (full name) — 201 101 44 133 109 28 57 163 98 9 / 190

U. Member of a certain southern-African tribe — 68 112 81 164 17 38 154 53 127

V. Enlightens — 156 32 86 196 130 12 66

W. Descriptive of some razors — 67 22 116 167 140 31 77 48

X. DID I SHY (anagram) — 182 170 61 25 124 93 43

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled *in above*, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 56 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

1 G	2 L	3 D	■	4 A	5 Q	6 M	■	7 C	8 K	9 T	10 O	■	11 I	12 V	13 F	14 H	15 M	16 L	17 U
18 B	■	19 J	20 P	21 A	22 W	23 N	24 E	25 X	■	26 C	27 I	28 T	■	29 Q	30 D	31 W	32 V	33 K	34 E
35 C	36 N	37 B	38 U	39 P	■	40 S	41 O	■	42 H	43 X	44 T	■	45 K	46 M	47 R	48 W	49 A	50 C	51 J
52 I	■	53 U	54 G	■	55 B	56 E	57 T	■	58 D	59 K	60 M	61 X	■	62 L	63 P	64 C	65 F	66 V	■
67 W	68 U	69 G	70 Q	71 N	72 M	■	73 A	74 I	75 O	76 D	■	77 W	78 L	79 G	80 R	■	81 U	82 J	■
83 C	84 S	85 E	■	86 V	87 Q	■	88 I	89 A	90 H	■	91 J	92 P	93 X	94 L	■	95 F	96 D	97 G	98 T
■	99 K	100H	101T	102R	103B	■	104J	105E	106O	107Q	■	108F	109T	■	110M	111I	112U	113A	114K
115G	116W	117B	■	118O	119J	120L	121S	122C	123Q	124X	125K	126D	■	127U	128B	129M	130V	131A	■
132I	133T	134N	■	135A	136L	137C	138R	139K	140W	141O	■	142E	143D	144P	145N	146L	147G	148J	149F
■	150I	151Q	■	152C	153P	■	154U	155D	156V	157H	158O	■	159G	160D	161C	■	162E	163T	164U
■	165A	166M	■	167W	168L	169J	170X	171R	172S	173N	174K	175P	■	176B	177M	178J	179I	180N	181A
182X	■	183H	184B	185L	186D	187G	188O	■	189Q	190T	191B	192D	193N	194I	■	195K	196V	■	197H
198F	199C	■	200P	201T	202H	203E	204N	205G	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■

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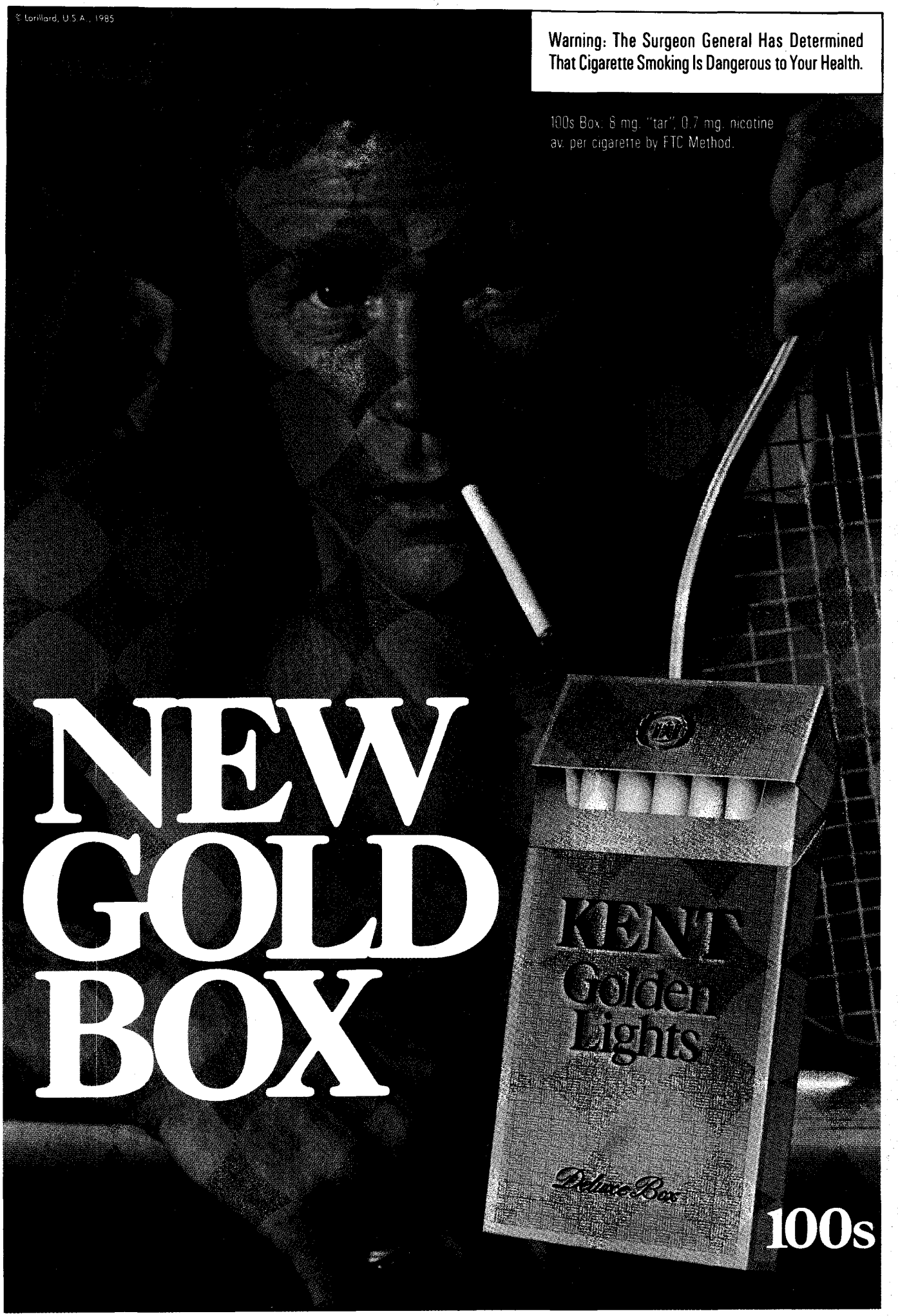
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

100s Box: 8 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.



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